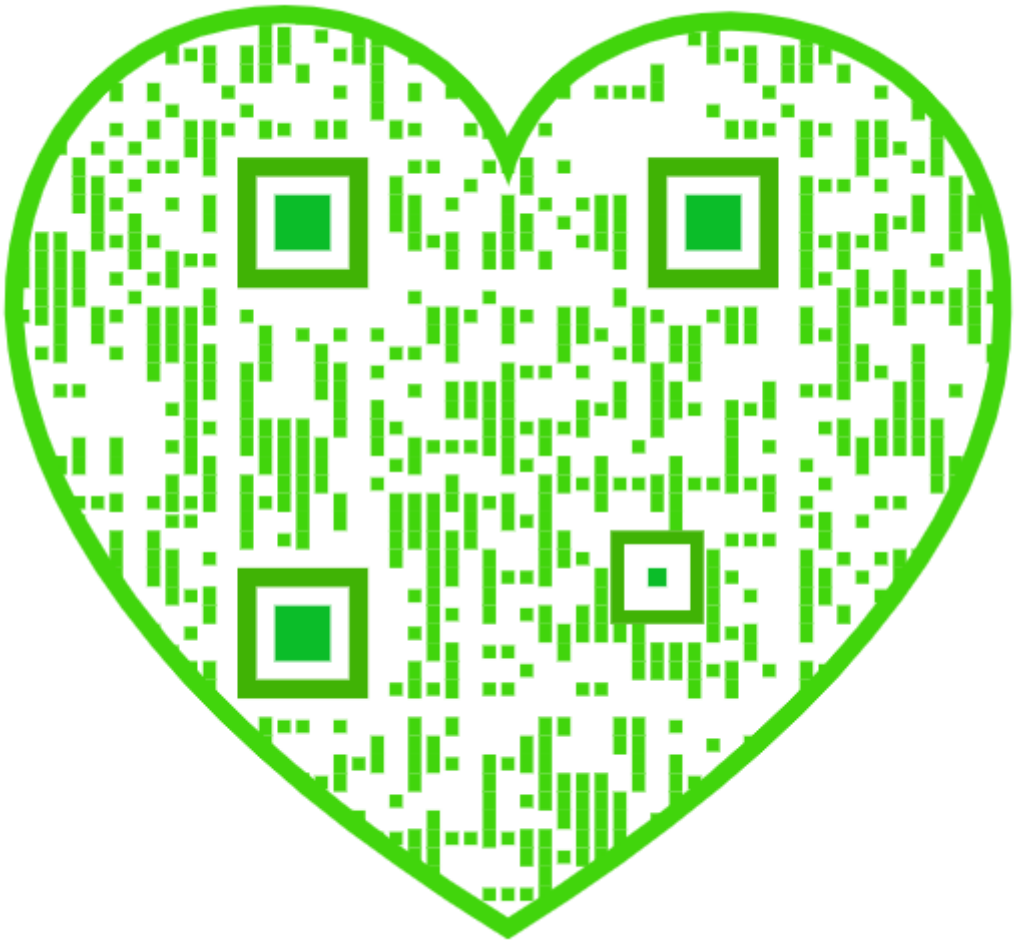


"A classic is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

EVERYDAY CLASSICS

FIFTH READER

BY

FRANKLIN T. BAKER

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN TEACHERS COLLEGE
AND SUPERVISOR OF ENGLISH IN THE
HORACE MANN SCHOOL

AND

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1918

All rights reserved

Educ T 759.18.190

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
DEC 5 1923

COPYRIGHT, 1917,
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped. Published February, 1917.
Reprinted June, 1917. August, 1917.

PREFACE

THIS series of Readers has been prepared in the belief that the instruction in reading in the schools should be based on a selection of the classics of our literature. The child is introduced not only to what is excellent in itself but to what his father and mother have read before him, to what has become a valued part of the heritage of the nation and the race. All other school reading should be supplementary to this study of what is best in literature.

A classic is not necessarily something old; rather it is something so good that it never grows old. The selections in this series are EVERYDAY CLASSICS because they are stories and poems that have really become a part of our everyday thinking and feeling. The teacher will not find novelties here; but this literature that has endeared itself to so many will all be new to the child. Its vistas of history, its records of bravery and sacrifice, its sentiment and its sunshine, will be for him as new as they are wonderful and important.

This FIFTH READER is primarily a book of stories. In the THIRD READER the interest was in legend and folk tale; in the FOURTH READER, in out of doors; and here it is in stories of action and their revelations of character. It is a book of adventure and wonder, but the adventure is not confined to marvelous deeds; for there are also

stories about boys and girls at school and play. Nor is the book confined to stories, for there are descriptions, and lyrics, and the records of the lives of great men and women. The selections are grouped according to their subject matter, in an order which will be found carefully graded. The order in which the selections are read may, however, be suited to the special needs of the class. In the MANUAL accompanying this volume, many suggestions will be found for different arrangements.

The FIFTH READER, like the others in this series, offers aids to guide and assist the child in the reading of literature. These **Helps to Study** aim (1) to give the child the information and suggestion so that his introduction to each selection may be easy and eager; (2) to guide him by questions to a right understanding and interpretation of each selection as a whole and in detail; (3) to coördinate each selection with his own experience and reading.

The more difficult words and phrases are listed after each selection under the heading **For Study with the Glossary**. The GLOSSARY itself gives definition and pronunciation for these and many other words.

The MANUAL FOR TEACHERS which accompanies this Reader offers suggestions as to methods, and much additional matter for the teacher's use in the classroom and for her own reading. It contains whatever the authors have to offer the teacher. Everything in the Reader itself is addressed to the pupil.

F. T. B.,
A. H. T.

CONTENTS

I. SCHOOL DAYS

		PAGE
An Old-fashioned School	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	11
The Village Schoolmaster	*Oliver Goldsmith*	17
Squeers's School	*Charles Dickens*	19
The New Teacher	*Edward Eggleston*	21
The Last Lesson	*Alphonse Daudet*	26
Football at Rugby, I, II	*Thomas Hughes*	31

II. HEROISM AND ADVENTURE

Hunting Song	*Sir Walter Scott*	40
Robin Hood Rescues the Widow's Three Sons	*Old Ballad*	43
Robin Hood and Little John	*Thomas Bulfinch*	50
The Archery Contest	*Sir Walter Scott*	54
The Wreck of the Hesperus	*Henry W. Longfellow*	64
The Pine Tree Shillings	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	69
The Sunken Treasure, I, II	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	77
The Day After the Shipwreck	*Daniel Defoe*	89
A Shipwrecked Family	*Johann David Wyss*	96
Arnold of Winkelried	*James Montgomery*	103
William Tell, Scene I	*Sheridan Knowles*	107
William Tell, Scene II		112

III. BATTLE AND BRAVERY

		PAGE
HOHENLINDEN	*Thomas Campbell*	119
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE	*Alfred Tennyson*	122
THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN, I, II	*John Parsons Motley*	125
THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM	*Robert Southey*	135

IV. GREAT MEN AND WOMEN

THE BOYHOOD OF GENERAL GRANT	*Ulysses S. Grant*	139
GENERAL LEE AND *TRAVELER*	*Captain Robert Lee*	146
THE HAPPIEST MAN, I, II	*Herodotus*	150
ABOU BEN ADHEM	*Leigh Hunt*	155
THE NOBLE NATURE	*Ben Jonson*	156
JOAN OF ARC, I, II	*Andrew Lang*	157

V. ANIMALS

THE BELL OF ATRI	*Henry W. Longfellow*	172
HOW BUCK SAVED HIS MASTER	*Jack London*	178
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX	*Robert Browning*	184
RAB	*Dr. John Brown*	188

VI. HOME AND COUNTRY

SONG OF MARION'S MEN	*William Cullen Bryant*	190
HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE	*William Collins*	195
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET	*Samuel Woodworth*	196
LOVE OF COUNTRY	*Sir Walter Scott*	198
THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS	*Felicia Hemans*	199
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE	*Henry W. Longfellow*	201

VII. BOYS AND GIRLS

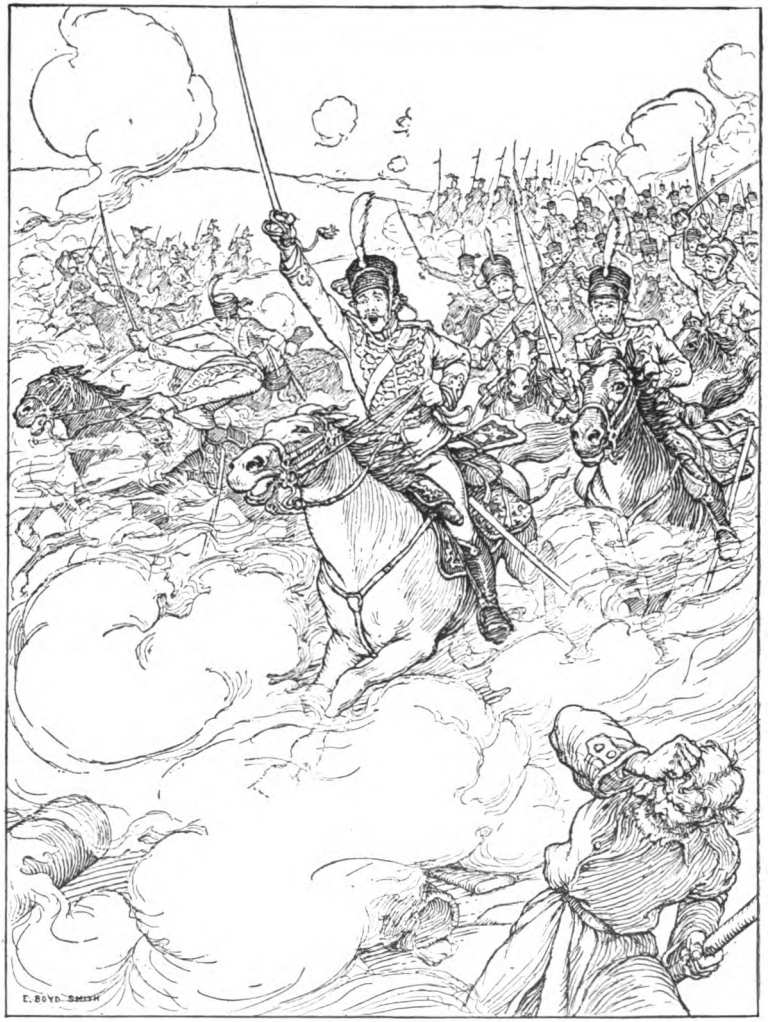
		PAGE
THE THEATER IN OUR BARN	*Thomas B. Aldrich*	208
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR	*Henry W. Longfellow*	212
MOSES GOES TO THE FAIR	*Oliver Goldsmith*	214
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN	*Robert Browning*	222
INGRATITUDE	*William Shakespeare*	237
JOHN HALIFAX	*Mrs. Mulock Craik*	238
TOM AND MAGGIE, I, II, III	*George Eliot*	251
LITTLE BROWN HANDS	*M. H. Krout*	267

VIII. TWO CHRISTMASES

THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER	*Charles Dickens*	269
THE SABOT OF LITTLE WOLFF	*Francis Coppée*	278

IX. WONDER AND ENCHANTMENT

BUGLE SONG	*Alfred Tennyson*	285
ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP	*The Arabian Nights*	286
ALADDIN	*James Russell Lowell*	299
JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE, I, II, III	*Charles Kingsley*	301
THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER,	*John Ruskin*	319
I. LITTLE GLUCK'S INTERVIEW WITH THE KING		320
II. THE EXPEDITION OF MR. HANS		328
III. THE EXPEDITION OF MR. SCHWARTZ		334
IV. THE EXPEDITION OF LITTLE GLUCK		338
THE ERL-KING	*J. W. von Goethe*	346
THE TEMPEST, I, II, III	*Shakespeare, retold by Mary Lamb*	350



"CHARGE FOR THE GUNS!" HE SAID. Page 122

EVERYDAY CLASSICS

FIFTH READER

AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL

Now, imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large, dingy room, with a sanded floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges and have little diamond-shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches, with desks before them. At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so very spacious that there is room enough for three or fours boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces when there was wood enough in the forests to keep people warm without their digging into the depths of the earth for coal.

It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney! And every few moments a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room, which sails

slowly over the heads of the scholars, until it gradually settles upon the walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years already.

Next look at the master's chair! It is placed, you perceive, in the most comfortable part of the room, where the generous glow of the fire is sufficiently felt without being too intensely hot.

Do you see the venerable schoolmaster, severe in aspect, with a black skullcap on his head, like an ancient Puritan, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle? What boy would dare to play, or whisper, or ever glance aside from his book, while Master Cheever is on the lookout behind his spectacles? For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

And now school is begun. What a murmur of multitudinous tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buzz! buzz! buzz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent above sixty years; and long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a beehive when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats and small-clothes, with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second

childhood. These lads are to be sent to the college at Cambridge and educated for the learned professions. Old Master Cheever has lived so long, and seen so many generations of schoolboys grow up to be men, that now he can almost prophesy what sort of a man each boy will be. One urchin shall hereafter be a doctor, and handle pills and potions. Another shall wrangle at the bar,

and fight his way to wealth and honors, and, in his declining age, shall be a worshipful member of his Majesty's council. A third — and he is the master's favorite — shall be a worthy successor to the old Puritan ministers now in their graves. He shall preach with great effect, and leave volumes of sermons, in print and manuscript, for the benefit of future generations.

Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to be the merchants, shopkeepers, and mechanics of a

future period. Hitherto they have traded only in marbles and apples. Hereafter some will send vessels to England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar, and coffee. Others will stand behind counters, and measure tape, and ribbon, and cambric by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the plane over the carpenter's bench, or take the lapstone and the awl and learn the trade of shoemaking. Many will follow the sea, and become bold, rough sea captains.

But, alas! while we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times. The two malefactors are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits with the terror of a judge upon his brow. Our old chair is now a judgment-seat. Ah, Master Cheever has taken down that terrible birch rod! Short is the trial, — the sentence quickly passed, — and now the judge prepares to execute it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In these good old times, a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.

And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and then, with tiresome deliberation, puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal with almost irrepressible impatience.

"You are dismissed," says Master Cheever.

The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but, fairly out of the schoolroom, lo, what a joyous shout! what a scampering and trampling of feet! what a sense of recovered freedom expressed in the merry uproar of all their voices! What care they for the ferule and birch rod now? Were boys created merely to study Latin and arithmetic? No; the better purposes of their being are to sport, to leap, to run, to shout, to slide upon the ice, to snowball.

Now the master has set everything to rights, and is ready to go home to dinner. Yet he goes reluctantly. The old man has spent so much of his life in the smoky, noisy, buzzing schoolroom, that, when he has a holiday, he feels as if his place were lost and himself a stranger in the world. But forth he goes; and there stands our old chair, vacant and solitary, till good Master Cheever resumes his seat in it to-morrow morning.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Grandfather's Chair* (*Abridged*).

HELPS TO STUDY

This selection is taken from *Grandfather's Chair*, a book in which a grandfather talks of the adventures of an old chair which was brought from England to Massachusetts when that state was still under the rule of England. The author is Nathaniel Hawthorne, a famous writer of several books for children as well as of many novels. In this selection the chair is occupied by the schoolmaster. An account of Hawthorne will be found on page 76.

1. Describe Master Cheever's schoolroom. 2. How does it differ from your schoolroom? 3. At what time of year do we see this old-fashioned school? 4. What do you learn about Master Cheever? 5. How was he dressed? 6. How old was he? 7. What classes does he hear recite? 8. How are boys punished? 9. How long ago did Master Cheever's school exist? 10. Would you like his school? Why? 11. Have you ever read anything else by Nathaniel Hawthorne?

For Study with the Glossary: dingy, venerable, ferule, small-clothes, multitudinous, wrangle, malefactors, judgment-seat, deliberation, irrepressible, reluctantly, resumes.

Phrases: "con over their tasks," "second childhood," "learned professions," "generations of schoolboys," "his Majesty's council."

Do you know how to use a dictionary? A dictionary gives the correct pronunciation, spelling, and meaning of words, and is a book that you should learn to use freely. At the end of this Reader is a GLOSSARY, or a small dictionary of all the difficult words used in the book. After each selection there is a list of the more difficult words and phrases **For Study with the Glossary**. There may be, however, many other words in the lesson which are not on these lists, but which you need to study in the GLOSSARY.

Do you know the meaning and pronunciation of the words and phrases in this lesson? Look them up in the GLOSSARY and make sure. In the case of a phrase of two or more words, look up in the GLOSSARY the word which you don't understand. A table of the marks used to show the pronunciation of words is given with the Glossary.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: *The Deserted Village.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This famous passage describes another schoolmaster who may be compared with Ezekiel Cheever. You will notice that Goldsmith is describing the teacher as he appeared to his pupils and the villagers. They thought him a very important person indeed. For an account of Goldsmith's life, see page 219.

1. In what ways was the schoolmaster like Master Cheever? 2. Why did the boys tremble when he frowned? 3. Why did they laugh when he joked? 4. How much did he know? 5. Can you "write and cipher too"? 6. Could the villagers? 7. How did the schoolmaster argue? 8. Why did the villagers and pupils think him a wonder?

9. Do you think the schoolhouse was really a mansion? 10. What words in the second line hint that the schoolhouse was small? 11. Explain the meaning of the fourth line. 12. What are "the day's disasters" in school? 13. What phrases exaggerate the importance of the schoolmaster?

For Study with the Glossary : Noisy mansion, boding tremblers, counterfeited glee, terms and tides presage, gauge, e'en (even), gazing rustics, dismal tidings, ranged around.

In the next selection we make the acquaintance of another famous schoolmaster, Squeers, who is taken from a novel by Dickens. Nicholas Nickleby has been employed as a teacher by Squeers, and the selection tells of his first visit to the school. This kind of school was common in England when Dickens wrote, but we may hope there are no such schools anywhere to-day. For Squeers was a bad and ignorant man and his school was a fraud.

SQUEERS'S SCHOOL

Obedient to his summons, there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk half a dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning the assistant to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where is the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby, — the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active: to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder: a casement. When the boy knows this out of a book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted, "so he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, n-e-y, ney, bottiney, noun substantive; a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottiney means a knowledge of plants,

he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nickleby.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers; "ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't," replied Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else what's the use of having grammars at all?"

"What, indeed?" said Nicholas.

"As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after my horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing day to-morrow, and they want the boilers filled."

So saying, he dismissed the first class to their experiments in practical philosophy, and stood eyeing Nicholas with a look half doubtful, half cunning.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Nicholas Nickleby.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Describe the boys in Squeers's school. 2. What does **Squeers mean by a** "practical mode of teaching"? 3. In what ways does he make the boys work? 4. What mistakes does Squeers make in spelling? In pronunciation? In grammar? 5. Why would you not like to go to his school? 6. What sort of a time is Nicholas likely to have as a teacher?

For Study with the Glossary: disconcerted, usher, resumed.

THE NEW TEACHER

The new teacher who was employed to teach the Greenbank school in the autumn was a young man from college. Standing behind the desk hitherto occupied by the grim-faced Mr. Ball, young Williams looked very mild by contrast. He was evidently a gentle-spirited man as compared with the old master; and King Pewee and his crowd were gratified in noting this fact. They could have their own way with such a master as that!

When he called the school to order, there remained a bustle of curiosity and mutual recognition among the children. Riley and Pewee kept up a little noise by way of defiance. They had heard that the new master did not intend to whip. Now he stood quietly behind his desk, and waited a few moments in silence for the

whispering group to be still. Then he slowly raised and leveled his finger at Riley and Pewee, but still said nothing. There was something so firm and quiet about his motion — something that said, "I will wait all day, but you must be still" — that the boys could not resist it.

By the time they were quiet, two of the girls had got into a titter over something, and the forefinger was aimed at them. The silent man made the pupils understand that he was not to be trifled with.

When at length there was quiet, he made every one lay down book or slate and face around toward him. Then with his pointing finger, or with a little slap of his hands together, or with a word or two at the most, he got the school still again.

"I hope we shall be friends," he said, in a voice full of kindliness. "All I want is to —"

But at this point Riley picked up his slate and book, and turned away. The master snapped his fingers, but Riley affected not to hear him.

"That young man will put down his slate." The master spoke in a low tone, as one who expected to be obeyed, and the slate was reluctantly put upon the desk.

"When I am talking to you, I want you to hear," he went on, very quietly. "I am paid to teach you. One of the things I have to teach you is good manners. You," pointing to Riley, "are old enough to know better

than to take your slate when your teacher is speaking, but perhaps you have never been taught what are good manners. I'll excuse you this time. Now, you all see those switches hanging here behind me. I did not put them there. I do not say that I shall not use them. Some boys have to be whipped, I suppose — like mules — and when I have tried, I may find that I cannot get on without the switches, but I hope not to have to use them."

Here Riley, encouraged by the master's mildness, and irritated by the rebuke he had received, began to make figures on his slate.

"Bring me that slate," said the teacher.

Riley was happy that he had succeeded in starting a row. He took his slate and his arithmetic, and shuffled up to the master in a half-indolent, half-insolent way.

"Why do you take up your work when I tell you not to?" asked the new teacher.

"Because I didn't want to waste all my morning. I wanted to do my sums."

"You are a remarkably industrious youth, I take it." The young master looked Riley over, as he said this, from head to foot. The whole school smiled, for there was no lazier boy than this same Riley. "I suppose," the teacher continued, "that you are the best scholar in school — the bright and shining light of Greenbank."

Here there was a general titter at Riley.

"I cannot have you sit away down at the other end of the schoolroom and hide your excellent example from the rest. Stand right up here by me and cipher, that all the school may see how industrious you are."

Riley grew very red in the face and pretended to "cipher," holding his book in his hand.

"Now," said the new teacher, "I have but just one rule for this school, and I will write it on the blackboard that all may see it."

He took chalk and wrote:

DO RIGHT.

"That is all. Let us go to our lessons."

For the first two hours that Riley stood on the floor he pretended to enjoy it. But when recess came and went, and Mr. Williams did not send him to his seat, he began to shift from one foot to the other and from his heels to his toes, and to change his slate from the right hand to the left. His class was called, and after recitation he was sent back to his place. He stood it as best he could until the noon recess; but when, at the beginning of the afternoon session, Mr. Williams again called his "excellent scholar" and set him up, Riley broke down and said:

"I think you might let me go now."

"Are you tired?" asked the cruel Mr. Williams.

"Yes, I am," and Riley hung his head, while the rest smiled.

"And are you ready to do what the good order of the school requires?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; you can go."

The chopfallen Riley went back to his seat, convinced that it would not do to rebel against the new teacher even if he did not use the beech switches.

EDWARD EGGLESTON: *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Such a school as is described in this selection could be found in many places in the country fifty years ago, and there are still some like it. All the boys and girls of the district went to the school, and the idle boys often made the teacher's task a hard one. The teacher in such ungraded schools was often a young man earning his way through college.

Edward Eggleston, the author of the *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, was an American clergyman and editor who wrote many novels. What state is referred to by Hoosier? Eggleston was born in that state in the same year that Victoria became the Queen of England.

1. What differences between Mr. Williams and Squeers? Between Mr. Williams and Master Cheever? 2. How did Mr. Williams govern his school? 3. Who were the two worst boys in the school? 4. What did they do to make a disturbance? 5. How was Riley punished? 6. What effect did it have on him? 7. What was the motto for this school?

For Study with the Glossary: hitherto, mutual recognition (recognizing one another), defiance, affected, industrious, chopfallen.

THE LAST LESSON

I was very late that morning on my way to school, and was afraid of being scolded, as the master had told us he should question us on the verbs, and I did not know the first word, for I had not studied my lesson. For a moment I thought of playing truant. The air was so warm and bright, and I could hear the blackbirds whistling in the edge of the woods, and the Prussians who were drilling in the meadow behind the sawmill.

I liked this much better than learning the rules for verbs, but I did not dare to stop, so I ran quickly toward school.

Passing the mayor's office, I saw people standing before the little bulletin board. For two years it was there that we received all the news of battles, of victories and defeats.

"What is it now?" I thought, without stopping to look at the bulletin.

Then, as I ran along, the blacksmith, who was there reading the bill, cried out to me, "Not so fast, little one, you will reach your school soon enough."

I thought he was laughing at me and ran faster than ever, reaching the school yard quite out of breath.

Usually, at the beginning of school, a loud noise could be heard from the street. Desks were being

opened and closed, and lessons repeated at the top of the voice. Occasionally the heavy ruler of the master beat the table, as he cried, "Silence, please, silence!"

I hoped to be able to take my seat in all this noise without being seen; but that morning the room was quiet and orderly.

Through the open window I saw my schoolmates already in their places. The master was walking up and down the room with the iron ruler under his arm and a book in his hand.

As I entered he looked at me kindly, and said, without scolding, "Go quickly to your place, little Franz; we were just going to begin without you. You should have been here five minutes ago."

I climbed over my bench and sat down at once at my desk. Just then I noticed, for the first time, that our master wore his fine green coat with the ruffled frills, and his black silk embroidered cap.

But what surprised me more was to see some of the village people seated on the benches at the end of the room. One of them was holding an old spelling book on his knee; and they all looked sadly at the master.

While I was wondering at this, our schoolmaster took his place, and in the same kind tone in which he had received me, he said: "My children, this is the last time that I shall give you a lesson. An order has

come from Berlin that no language but German may be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. A new master will come to-morrow who will teach you German. To-day is your last lesson in French. I beg of you to pay good attention."

These words frightened me. This is what they had posted on the bulletin board, then! This is what the blacksmith was reading.

My last lesson in French! I hardly knew how to write, and I never should learn now. How I longed for lost time, for hours wasted in the woods and fields, for days when I had played and should have studied.

My books that a short time ago had seemed so tiresome, so heavy to carry, now seemed to me like old friends.

I was thinking of this when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to say the rules without a mistake? But I could not say a word, and stood at my bench without daring to lift my head. Then I heard the master speaking to me.

"I shall not scold you, little Franz. You are punished enough now. Every day you have said to yourself: 'I have plenty of time. I will learn my lesson to-morrow.' Now you see what has happened."

Then he began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful tongue in

the world, and that we must keep it among us and never forget it.

Finally he took the grammar and read us the lesson. I was surprised to see how I understood. Everything seemed easy. I believe, too, that I never listened so well; and it almost seemed as if the good man were trying to teach us all he knew in this last lesson.

The lesson in grammar ended, we began our writing. For that day the master had prepared some new copies, on which were written, "Alsace, France; Alsace, France."

They seemed like so many little flags floating about the schoolroom. How we worked! Nothing was heard but the voice of the master and the scratching of pens on the paper. There was no time for play now.

On the roof of the schoolhouse some pigeons were softly cooing, and I said to myself, "Will they, too, be obliged to sing in German?"

From time to time, when I looked up from my page, I saw the master looking about him as if he wished to impress upon his mind everything in the room.

After writing, we had a history lesson. Next, the little ones recited in concert their "Ba, be, bi, bo, bu."

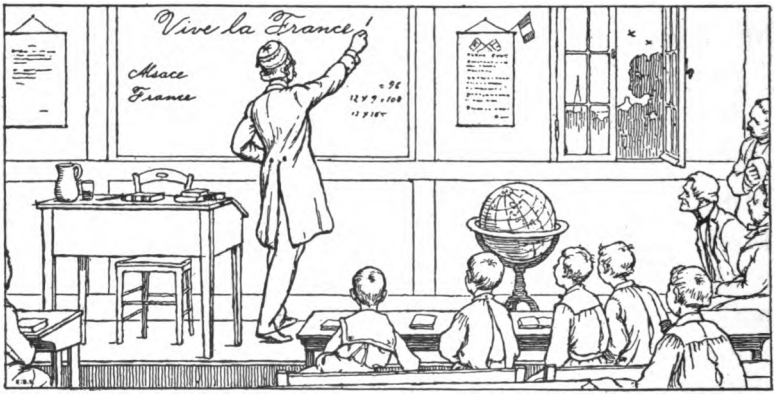
Oh, I shall remember that last lesson!

Suddenly the church clock struck the hour of noon. The master rose from his chair. "My friends," said he, "my friends, — I — I —"

But something choked him; he could not finish the sentence. He turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and wrote in large letters, "VIVE LA FRANCE!"

Then he stood leaning against the wall, unable to speak. He signed to us with his hand: "It is ended. You are dismissed."

ALPHONSE DAUDET (*Translated from the French*).



HELPS TO STUDY

This story by a French writer, Alphonse Daudet (Dō dā′), tells of the last day in which French was taught in an Alsatian school. Alsace, which had belonged to France, became a part of Prussia after the Franco-Prussian war of 1871, and after that German was taught in the schools instead of French.

1. Describe Franz's journey to school. 2. What unusual thing happened on the way? 3. What was there unusual about

the opening of the school that morning? 4. How did the master greet Franz? 5. What announcement did the master make? 6. How did Franz feel when he heard that no more French was to be taught? 7. Tell what he did when asked to recite? 8. What did the master say to him then? 9. What was the writing lesson? 10. At the close of school what did the master write on the board? 11. Find Alsace on the map. 12. What do you know of its history? 13. What has Franz taught you about language lessons? about patriotism?

For Study with the Glossary: Alsace (Al sass′), Lor rāine′, Prus′ sians, *Vive* (Vē′ vĕ) *la France*, Long live France.

FOOTBALL AT RUGBY

Tom Brown, a boy of twelve, arrived at Rugby just in time to take part in the football match between the Schoolhouse and the School, or all the other houses where the boys lived. This was many years ago when the game was very different from what it is now. Two hundred boys might take part; the little fellows playing in goal, the larger boys being the bulldogs, or rushers. For a time neither side gains any decided advantage in this game; but the Schoolhouse, to which Tom belongs, is holding its own against the School.

I

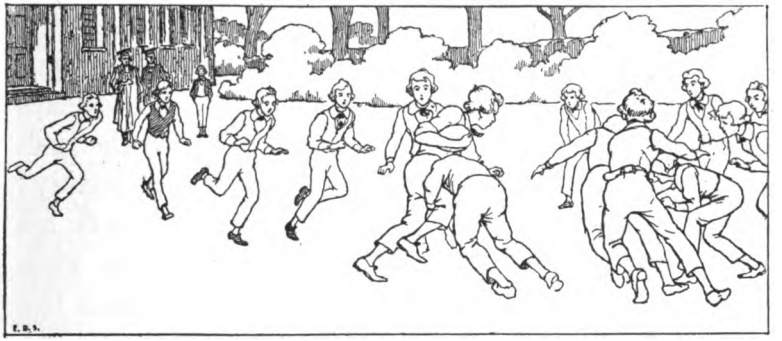
Three quarters of an hour are gone; first winds are failing, and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by yard the Schoolhouse have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The bulldogs are the

color of mother earth from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvelous knack of keeping his legs. The Schoolhouse are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal, under the Doctor's wall. The Doctor and some of his family are there, looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the Schoolhouse.

We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out. Away goes the ball, and the bulldogs after it, and in another minute there is shout of "In touch!" "Our ball!" Now's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another: he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up farther, where the opposite line is weak.

Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother. Hurrah! that rush has taken it right through the School line, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bulldogs are close upon it. The School leaders rush back shouting, "Look out in goal!" and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the School goal posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bulldogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He

is down." No! a long stagger, but the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers. And now he is close to the School goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the School to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball — the only chance — and young Brooke has touched it right under the School goal posts.



Old Brooke of course will kick it out, but who will catch and place it? Call Crab Jones. Here he comes, sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby: if he were tumbled into the moon this minute, he would just pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair. But it is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the School back; he will not kick out till they are all in goal, behind the posts. They are all

edging forward, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the Schoolhouse goal. Fond hope! it is kicked out and caught beautifully.

Crab strikes his heel into the ground to mark the spot where the ball was caught, beyond which the School line may not advance; but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Take plenty of room! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you! place it true and steady! Trust Crab Jones — he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on. He is resting on one knee with his eye on old Brooke. "Now!" Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the School rush forward.

Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up at the spinning ball. There it flies, straight between the two posts, some five feet above the crossbar — an unquestioned goal. A shout of real genuine joy rings out from the Schoolhouse players, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal keepers under the Doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour — such a thing hasn't been done in the Schoolhouse match this five years.

"Over!" is the cry: the two sides change goals, and the Schoolhouse goal keepers come threading their way across through the masses of the School; the most openly triumphant of them is Tom, a Schoolhouse boy of two hours' standing. Tom indeed is excited beyond measure, and it is all the sixth-form boy, kindest and safest of goal keepers, has been able to do, to keep him from rushing out whenever the ball has been near their goal.

II

The ball is placed again midway and the School are going to kick off. One hundred and twenty picked players-up are there, bent on retrieving the game. They intend to keep the ball in front of the Schoolhouse goal, and then to drive it in by sheer strength and weight. They mean heavy play and no mistake, and so old Brooke sees; he places Crab Jones in quarters just before the goal, with four or five picked players, who are to keep the ball away to the sides, where a try at goal, if obtained, will be less dangerous than in front. He himself, and Warner and Hedge, who have saved themselves till now, will lead the charges.

"Are you ready?" "Yes." And away comes the ball, kicked high in the air to give the School time to rush on and catch it as it falls. And here they are among us. Meet them like Englishmen, you School-

house boys, and charge them home. Now is the time to show what mettle is in you — and there shall be a warm seat by the hall fire and honor for him who does his duty in the next half hour. And they are well met. Again and again the cloud of their players up gathers before our goal and comes threatening on, and Warner or Hedge, with young Brooke and the relics of the bull-dogs, break through and carry the ball back. Old Brooke ranges the field like Job's war horse; the thickest scrummage parts asunder before his rush, like the waves before a clipper's bows; his cheery voice rings over the field, and his eye is everywhere. And if these miss the ball and it rolls dangerously in front of our goal, Crab Jones and his men seize it and send it away toward the sides with the unerring drop kick.

The quarter to five has struck and the play slackens for a minute; but now there is Crew, the artful dodger, driving the ball in behind our goal, where our quarters are weakest. Is there no one to meet him? Yes! look at little East! the ball is just at equal distances between the two, and they rush together, the young man of seventeen and the boy of twelve, and kick it at the same moment. Crew passes on without a stagger; East is hurled forward by the shock, and plunges on his shoulder as if he would bury himself in the ground; but the ball rises straight into the air and falls behind Crew's back, while the "Bravos" of the Schoolhouse

attest the pluckiest charge of all that hard-fought day. Warner picks East up lame and half stunned, and he hobbles back into goal, conscious of having played the man.

And now the last minutes are come, and the School gather for their last rush, every boy of the hundred and twenty who has a run left in him. Reckless of the defense of their own goal, on they come across the level ground, the ball well down among them, straight for our goal, like the column of the Old Guard up the slope at Waterloo. All former charges have been child's play to this. Warner and Hedge have met them, but still on they come. The bulldogs rush in for the last time; they are hurled over or carried back, striving hand and foot and eyelids.

Old Brooke comes sweeping round the skirts of the play, and turning short round, picks out the very heart of the scrummage and plunges in. It wavers for a moment — he has the ball! No, it has passed him, and his voice rings out clear over the advancing tide, "Look out in goal." Crab Jones catches the ball; but before he can kick, the rush is upon him and passes over him. He picks himself up behind them with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever.

The ball rolls slowly in behind the Schoolhouse goal, not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest School players-up.

There stands the Schoolhouse præpositor, safest of goal keepers, and Tom Brown by his side. Now is your time, Tom. The blood of all the Browns is up, and the two rush in together and throw themselves on the ball under the very feet of the advancing column, the præpositor on his hands and knees arching his back, and Tom flat on his face. Over them topple the leaders of the rush, shooting over the back of the præpositor, but falling on Tom, and knocking all the wind out of his small carcass.

"Our ball," says the præpositor, rising with his prize, "but get up, there's a little fellow under you." They are hauled and rolled off him, and Tom is discovered a motionless body.

Old Brooke picks him up. "Stand back, give him air," he says; and then feeling Tom's limbs, adds, "No bones broken. How do you feel?"

"Hah-hah!" gasps Tom, as his wind comes back, "pretty well, thank you — all right."

"Who is he?" asks Brooke.

"Oh, it's Brown; he's a new boy; I know him," says East, coming up.

"Well, he is a plucky youngster, and will make a player," says Brooke.

Five o'clock now strikes. "No side" is called, and the first day of the Schoolhouse match is over.

THOMAS HUGHES: *Tom Brown's School Days.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. Read through Part I of the selection and see if you understand the story. 2. Which side was ahead at the end of Part I? 3. Who were some of the players? 4. Describe Crab Jones. 5. Tell how Old Brooke kicked the goal.

II. 1. Read through Part II so that you can tell briefly and clearly what happened. 2. How did the School attack? 3. Who were some of the best defenders of the Schoolhouse? 4. Tell how East stopped the rush. 5. Describe the last rush of the School. 6. What did Tom Brown do?

For Study with the Glossary: *Football words:* bulldogs, quarters, over, players-up, goal keeper, scrummage, præpositor (sixth-form boy). *Other words:* sauntering, unerring, attest, hobbles, Job's war horse. (See *Job xxxix. 19–25.*)

The Old Guard was Napoleon's famous body of veterans which he always kept in reserve. At Waterloo, the Old Guard made a brave but unsuccessful charge, which ended in Napoleon's final defeat.

I and II. Note the order in which the story is told. Mark the divisions: — 1. The Schoolhouse wins a touchdown. 2. Old Brooke kicks the goal. 3. The sides change goals. 4. The School rush is stopped by East. 5. The last charge of the School is stopped with the aid of Tom Brown.

Tell all of Tom Brown's experiences during the game. In what respects did the game differ from the football that you play? Where was this game played? Did you ever hear of any other English school? of any other American school? *Tom Brown's School Days* tells of Tom's life at Rugby and is one of the best of boys' books.

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming;
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;

And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greensward haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay.
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *The Lady of the Lake.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This song is from Sir Walter Scott's poem, *The Lady of the Lake*, and is supposed to be sung to waken the lords and ladies for the hunt. Hawking was then a favorite sport. Tame hawks

were trained to attack other hawks; and ladies and gentlemen rode out carrying trained hawks or falcons, which were let loose to hunt the wild hawks in the air. In all the older poetry, especially Shakespeare, there are many allusions to this sport of hawking as well as the other sport of chasing the deer. This poem tells how the forester had tracked the buck (male deer) to a thicket. From this he would be roused by the dogs. A long chase would follow until the stag, wearied out, was brought to a stand (to bay) by the hounds, and the hunters on horseback came up and killed the deer. These out-of-door sports were much enjoyed by the gentle lords and ladies gay of long ago.

1. At what time of day is this song to be sung? 2. What animals are mentioned in the first stanza? 3. What are they going to do? 4. Describe the pictures of the country you get from the second stanza. 5. What have the foresters been doing? 6. What signs has the deer left behind him? 7. In the last stanza who are said to be running? 8. How is Time described? 9. What common proverb expresses the same idea about Time?

For Study with the Glossary: knelling, chase, brake, buck, bay, lay, balk, fray'd, stanch.

Whenever possible, you should look up new words in a large dictionary as well as in the GLOSSARY. A dictionary is a most interesting book, and not the least interesting things in it are the pictures of animals, buildings, machines, clothes, and many other objects. The pictures in this Reader will often inform you about the clothing and manners of past times. What do you learn from the pictures on pages 40, 44, and 58?

For an account of Sir Walter Scott, see page 61.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUES THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

Many years ago, when England was covered with great forests, a band of brave men was said to live in the woods under the lead of Robin Hood. They had been robbed of their lands by the Normans who had conquered England, and they in turn robbed the rich Normans. They were said to live a life free from care in the greenwood and never to rob the poor. The poor people looked upon Robin Hood as their friend and protector, though he was an outlaw with a price on his head. Many stories of his brave deeds were told in the old ballads. These ballads have been sung by the people for hundreds of years.

There are twelve months in all the year
  As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
  Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone
  With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman
  Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
  What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "There's my three sons in Nottingham town
  To-day condemned to die."

"O, have they parishes burnt?" he said,
"Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any woman?
Or other men's wives have ta'en?"

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any woman,
Nor other men's wives have ta'en."

"O, what have they done?" said Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"How thou madest me sup and dine?

By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?"
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemn'd to die this day."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here is ten shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

"O, thine apparel is good," he said
"And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh not an old man to scorn."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here is a piece of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown:
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down!"

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks
Was patch'd from leg to side:
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin can say,
"This man loved little pride."

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patch'd from knee to wrist:
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

"Save you, save you, sheriff!" he said,
"Now heaven you save and see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?"

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone;
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
"That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made!

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

"I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth
For thee it blows little good."

"O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow!
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

"O, who are these," the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lee?"
"They're my attendants," brave Robin did say;
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.

OLD BALLAD.

HELPS TO STUDY

The England described in this ballad was a very different country from what it is now. There were no printing presses and

very few schools. Most of the people could neither read nor write, but they liked to hear stories sung or recited. The children had no story-books but they heard their parents sing the ballads, so that as each child grew up he had a story-book of ballads to sing to his children.

In this ballad of Robin Hood there is one line several times repeated, *With a link a down, and a day.* This is called a refrain, or a sort of chorus in which every one joined. It is usually impossible to give any exact meaning to these refrains.

The England of Robin Hood had neither gunpowder nor railways. Robin Hood's men had only bows and arrows for weapons, and they traveled by foot or on horse. Among the greatest travelers of those times were the palmers, or pilgrims who had been to Palestine, and brought back palm leaves, as tokens of their journey. They went about from shrine to shrine and kept alive by means of such gifts of food as they received from kindly people. The palmer whom Robin Hood meets has bags filled with bread which he has begged on his way, and his clothes are torn and ragged.

1. When is Robin Hood supposed to have lived? 2. Find Nottingham on your map. 3. For what reasons were the widow's sons condemned to die? 4. What was a palmer? 5. What kind of hat did the palmer wear? 6. Tell in your own words of Robin Hood's talk with the sheriff. 7. What happened when Robin Hood blew his horn? 8. What happened to the sheriff? to the widow's three sons? 9. Why was Robin Hood loved by the people? 10. How was his memory preserved?

For Study with the Glossary: silly (ignorant), parishes, fallow deer, palmer, apparel, churl, breeks, hose, list (will, pleasure), aboon (above), habit (clothes), amain (strongly), lee (meadow), attendants, gallows, slack (hillside).

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

The lieutenant of Robin Hood's band was named Little John, not so much for his smallness in stature (for he was seven feet high and more), as for a reason which I shall tell later. And the manner in which Robin Hood, to whom he was very dear, met him was this.

Robin Hood, on one occasion being hunting with his men and finding the sport to be poor, said: "We have had no sport now for some time. So I go abroad alone. And if I should fall into any peril whence I cannot escape, I will blow my horn that ye may know of it and bear me aid." And with that he bade them adieu and departed alone, having with him his bow and the arrows in his quiver. And passing shortly over a brook by a long bridge he met at the middle a stranger. And

neither of the two would give way to the other. And Robin Hood, being angry, fitted an arrow to his bow and made ready to fire.

"Truly," said the stranger at this, "thou art a fine fellow that thou must draw thy longbow on me, who have but a staff by me."

"That is just, truly," said Robin Hood, "and so I will lay by my bow and get me a staff, to try if thy deeds be as good as thy words." And with that he went into a thicket and chose him a small ground oak for a staff, and returned to the stranger.

"Now," said he, "I am a match for thee, so let us play upon this bridge, and if one should fall in the stream the other will have the victory."

"With all my heart," said the stranger; "I shall not be the first to give out."

And with that they began to make great play with their staves. And Robin Hood first struck the stranger such a blow as warmed all his blood, and from that they rattled their sticks as though they had been threshing corn. And finally the stranger gave Robin Hood such a crack on his crown that he broke his head, and the blood flowed. But this only urged him the more, so that he attacked the stranger with such vigor that he had like to have made an end of him. But he, growing into a fury, finally fetched him such a blow that he tumbled him from the bridge into the brook. Whereat the

stranger laughed loudly and long, and cried out to him "Where art thou now, I prythee, my good fellow?"

And Robin replied, "Thou art truly a brave soul, and I will have no more to do with thee to-day; so our battle is at an end, and I must allow that thou hast won the day." And then, wading to the bank, he pulled out his horn and blew a blast on it, so that the echoes flew throughout the valley.

And at that came fifty bold bowmen out of the wood all clad in green, and they made for Robin Hood, and said William Stukely, "What is the matter, my master? Thou art wet to the skin."

"Truly nothing is the matter," said Robin, "but that the lad on the bridge has tumbled me into the stream." And on that the archers would have seized the stranger to duck him as well, but Robin Hood forbade them. "No one shall harm thee, friend," said he. "These are all my bowmen, threescore and nine, and if thou wilt be one of us, thou shalt straightway have my livery and accouterments fit for a man. What sayest thou?"

"With all my heart," said the stranger; "here is my hand on it. My name is John Little, and I will be a good man and true to thee."

"His name shall be changed," said William Stukely on this. "We will call him Little John, and I will be his godfather."

So they fetched a pair of fat does and some strong ale, and there they christened their babe Little John, for he was seven feet high and an ell round his waist.

THOMAS BULFINCH: *Legends of King Arthur.*

HELPS TO STUDY

This is another story of Robin Hood that has been told for many hundred years. Little John became Robin Hood's companion in many adventures. Though Robin Hood was a hard fighter, he was always ready to forgive his enemies. He met his death through treachery, but he died refusing to let Little John take vengeance on the murderers. One of the old ballads tells of his last request:

"Give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet."

1. Where did Robin Hood and his band live? 2. Where did they hunt? 3. Why was it a daring thing for them to hunt in the forest? 4. How was Robin Hood armed? 5. Describe the fight between Robin Hood and the stranger? 6. How did Robin Hood act after he was beaten? 7. How did they christen their babe?

For Study with the Glossary: stature, adieu, prythee, crack on his crown (broke his head), doe, livery, accouterments, christen, ell.

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

Ivanhoe, from which this selection is taken, is a story of the time of Richard I. Locksley, the stranger who shoots against Hubert, is Robin Hood, the famous English outlaw, in disguise. King Richard at this time was absent from England on a crusade to Palestine. His brother John, who ruled in his place, was much disliked by the people.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert, "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot

first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was high level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow —"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John. "Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! — in the clout! — a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to slivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other, "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North

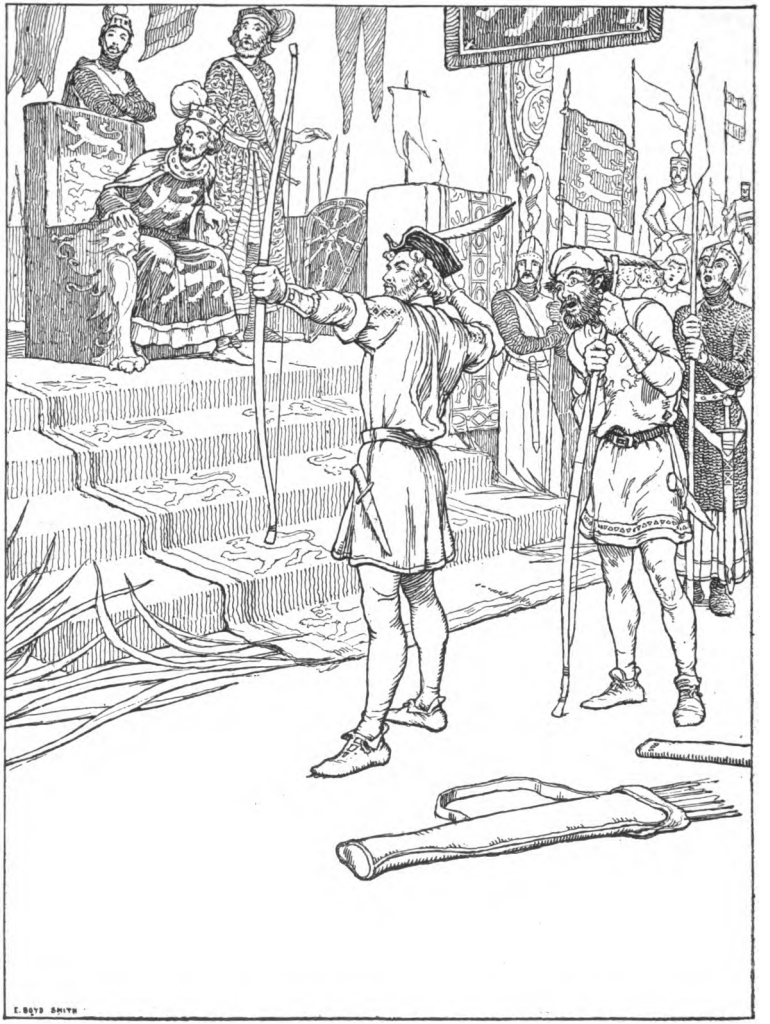
Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please — I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame, shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For my own part," he said, "and in the land where I was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at



HIS ARROW SPLIT THE WILLOW ROD AGAINST WHICH IT WAS AIMED.

the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers — or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley. "No man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty

nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley, "but I have vowed that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Ivanhoe.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Describe the scene at the beginning of the selection. 2. The battle of Hastings was one of the most famous in history; what can you tell about it? 3. Describe the way in which Hubert shot the first arrow. 4. What have you heard of King Arthur's Round Table? 5. Describe Locksley's three shots. 6. What do you think of Prince John? 7. What do you know about King Richard, the Lion-hearted?

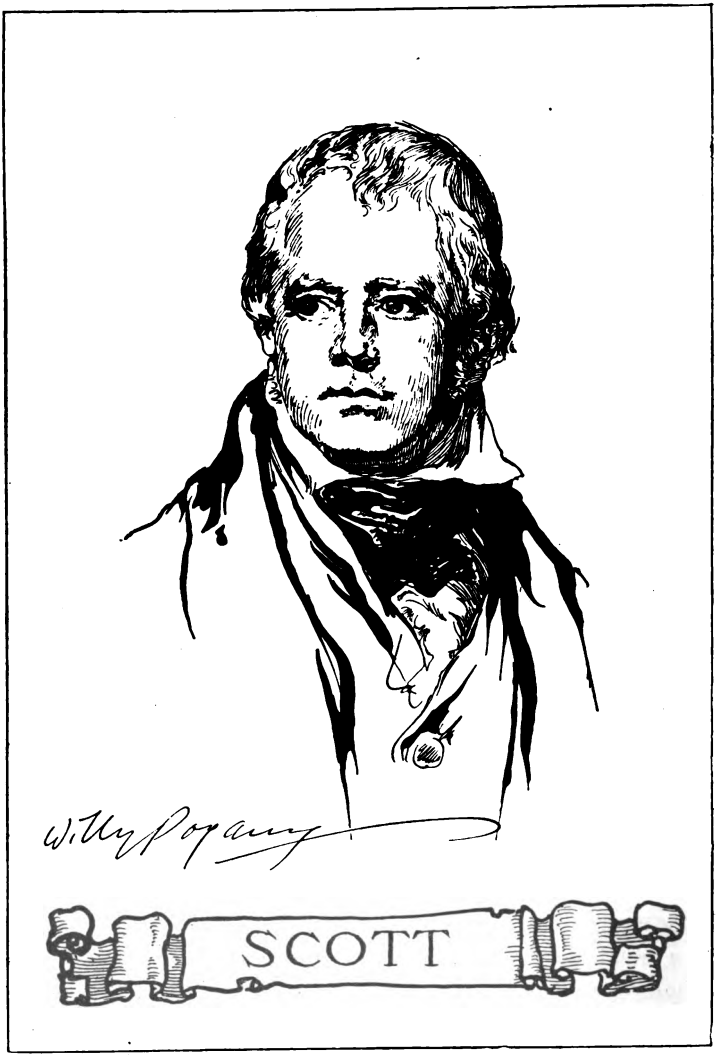
For Study with the Glossary: yeoman, baldric, provost, sith, an (in old times meaning *if*), runagate, exhorted, clout, competitor, crave, whittle, jerkin, vindicated, acclamations, nobles, reluctance. *Phrases:* try conclusions (have a contest), give him the bucklers (yield him the prize).

Review Questions. 1. The last three selections have told stories of Robin Hood. What have you learned about him? 2. Was he good-natured or sullen? independent or fawning? brave or timid? 3. Give incidents to support your opinions. 4. Tell what you have learned about England in Robin Hood's time. 5. What things are mentioned in these last three selections about Robin Hood that we do not have to-day? 6. Name some things which we have which would astonish Robin Hood. 7. Name some other heroes who, like Robin Hood, have opposed tyrants. 8. Are any of these heroes told about in this Reader?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

When Sir Walter Scott was eighteen months old, an illness deprived him of the use of his right leg. His earliest memory was of lying wrapped in the skin of a sheep just killed, while his grandmother tried to persuade him to creep. Sheepskins and other remedies failed to cure him; and, though he became a healthy and active child, he remained lame throughout his life. At his grandmother's, even before he was old enough to read, he learned many songs and legends of the border country between England and Scotland.

As a small boy he learned to ride and swim and was soon reading Shakespeare and acting the plays with other children. He read indeed all the books that he could find which told stories of olden days, and by the time he was twelve had made collections


SCOTT

of the old ballads, including those told of Robin Hood and his merry men. He could recite long passages from Spenser's *Faery Queen;* and excursions about Scotland had filled him with a love for its beautiful scenery of mountain, lake, and glen. A lady described him as "the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw."

Scott grew to be a tall and powerful man, but he continued to love the things which had delighted his boyhood — ballads, stories, and songs of the daring deeds of ancient days. He went on reading widely and storing his mind with knowledge of history; and began to write poems and stories that told of the manners and men of the past. His novels are what we call historical novels because they tell of some persons who really lived and describe the dress, homes, and customs of past times. No other writer ever succeeded as did he in making the past real and interesting. Indeed, few greater writers have ever lived.

Sir Walter Scott became rich and famous, and no one ever worked harder or lived a busier life. Up in the mornings by five, he was at his desk by six, and by ten had usually written many pages of one of his splendid romances. At Abbotsford, the beautiful house that he had built not far from Edinburgh, he entertained many guests, including Washington Irving and other Americans. Much of the time he spent outdoors, riding, fishing, or taking long tramps, for in spite of his lameness he could make thirty miles in a day. His dogs he counted among his closest friends, and he loved to play with children. His last years were sad ones, but bravely spent working to pay off great debts with which he had become involved by business failures. He died in 1832, sixty-two years of age. "My dear, be a good man" were his last words to his son-in-law, Lockhart. Few men have more sincerely lived up to this advice than Scott himself.

Of Scott's novels, perhaps the best to read first are *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward*, *Kenilworth*, and the *Talisman*. The *Talisman* tells of King Richard during his crusade to Palestine in an effort to win that land from the Saracens. A selection from the opening chapter is given in the SIXTH READER. Of Scott's poems, two of the best are represented in this Reader, the *Lady of the Lake* by the "Hunting Song" on p. 40, and the *Last Minstrel* by "Love of Country" on p. 198.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Norman's Woe, the scene of this wreck, is a reef off the coast of Massachusetts. The poem is based on fact, and is written in a style imitating that of the old ballads. The three preceding stories have told some of the adventures of Robin Hood. The "Wreck of the Hesperus" and the two stories that follow bring us back to the United States, to the New England of the past.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" —
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gust between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank, —
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

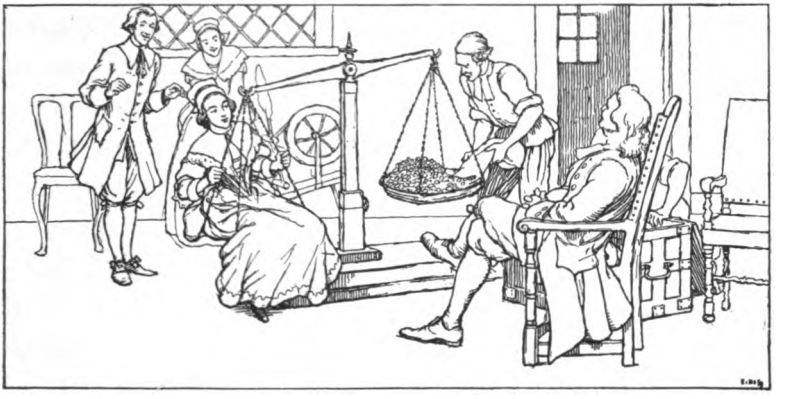
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the poem through and then tell the story briefly in your own words. 2. At what time of year does it take place? 3. Where is the scene? 4. What persons are mentioned? 5. What warnings of the storm did the captain receive? 6. What precautions did he take for his daughter's life? 7. What indications of the reef? 8. Why did he steer for the open sea?

Find the similes or comparisons used in the poem to describe blue eyes. Find the things which are likened to fairy flax, hawthorn buds, yeast, a frightened steed, a ghost, icicles, horns of an angry bull.

For Study with the Glossary: Hesperus, skipper, fairy flax, ope (open), veering flaw, Spanish Main, cable's length, weather the roughest gale, spar, corpse, helm, stark, carded wool (combed but not spun), shrouds, by the board (overboard), aghast.



THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the money consisted only of gold and silver coin of England, Portugal, and Spain.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam shells, and this strange sort of specie was taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of

the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of money was still greater. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was chosen to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons from worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court, — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers — who were little better than pirates — had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence, they were called pine-tree

shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling, but he declared himself perfectly satisfied. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's Chair: and as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting his only daughter.

His daughter — whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsy — was a fine hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own day. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsy, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious habits, and a

member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his smallclothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's Chair, and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow.

On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master, also, was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsy out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her

portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsy — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants. "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide and seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle. and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to

think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury.

But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's Chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Grandfather's Chair.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What is a mint-master? 2. What did the earlier colonists use in place of money? 3. Where did the silver come from for the pine-tree shillings? 4. What pay did Captain Hull receive as mint-master? 5. What have you learned about Betsy Hull? About Samuel Sewell? 6. Describe Captain Hull as he sat in Grandfather's Chair. 7. When have you heard of this Grandfather's Chair before?

For Study with the Glossary: specie, quintal, buccaneer, magistrate, personable, commodities, receptacle, ponderous, portion.

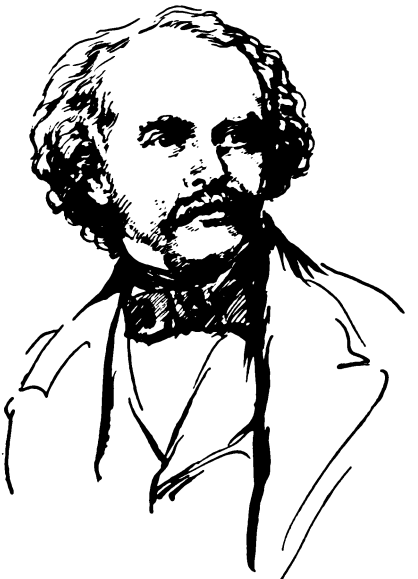
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804–1864) was of good Puritan stock. His first American ancestor came to America with Governor Winthrop and later became an Indian fighter and persecutor of the Quakers. Other Hawthornes were sea captains, and one of them was a daring privateer during the Revolutionary War. Nathaniel led a lonely life as a boy with his widowed mother in the old town of Salem, but at Bowdoin College he made some lifelong friends, including the poet Longfellow and Franklin Pierce, afterwards president of the United States.

A number of his books were written for boys and girls. *Grandfather's Chair,* from which several selections in this Reader are taken, tells of stories of early New England; and *A Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* retell some of the old Greek myths and legends. Hawthorne early made up his mind to be a writer; but it was only after long years of poverty and hard work that his short stories and novels established his fame as the greatest American novelist.

Most of his stories tell of New England life, usually in the Colonial days. Some of these best suited for younger readers are "The Grey Champion," "The Great Stone Face," and "A Rill from the Town Pump." His four chief novels are *The House of the Seven Gables, The Scarlet Letter, The Blithedale Romance,* and *The Marble Fawn.*

Hawthorne lived for many years in Concord, Massachusetts, for a part of the time in the Old Manse near the battlefield. Among his neighbors were Emerson, Thoreau, the philosopher Alcott, and his daughter, the author of *Little Women.*



HAWTHORNE

THE SUNKEN TREASURE

This story is a true one. It happened at a time when there were many strange adventures, — at the time of the greatest of adventures, the settlement of America. After the discovery by Columbus, many brave Spanish soldiers and priests carried on the exploration and conquest of America, until a large portion of the Americas had become the possessions of Spain. Then, when these newly conquered lands were sending rich cargoes of gold and silver back to Spain, England began to interfere. At first her seamen attacked and plundered the Spanish ships and settlements; and after a time, English colonists came to the coast of North America. Thirty years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, William Phipps was born at Pemaquid, Maine. As soon as he was grown to manhood he began the search for these Spanish treasure ships that had been shipwrecked before he was born. His adventures continued after he had found the treasure and become a rich man. He commanded several military expeditions, including an unsuccessful attack on Quebec, before he was made governor. Hawthorne imagines him as one of the owners of that Grandfather's Chair which we have seen occupied by Master Ezekiel Cheever (page 11).

I

Picture to yourselves, my dear children, a handsome, old-fashioned room, with a large, open cupboard at one end, in which is displayed a magnificent gold cup, with some other splendid articles of gold

and silver plate. In another part of the room, opposite to a tall looking-glass, stands our beloved chair, newly polished, and adorned with a gorgeous cushion of crimson velvet tufted with gold.

In the chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by northern tempests and blackened by the burning sun of the West Indies. He wears an immense periwig flowing down over his shoulders. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden foliage, and his waistcoat likewise is all flowered over and bedizened with gold. His red, rough hands, which have done many a good day's work with the hammer and the adz, are half covered by the delicate lace ruffles at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-hilted sword, and in a corner of the room stands his gold-headed cane, made of a beautifully polished West India wood.

Somewhat such an aspect as this did Sir William Phipps present when he sat in Grandfather's Chair after the king had appointed him governor of Massachusetts. Truly, there was need that the old chair should be varnished and decorated with a crimson cushion in order to make it suitable for such a magnificent looking personage.

But Sir William Phipps had not always worn a gold-embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at his ease as he did in Grandfather's Chair. He was a

poor man's son, and was born in the province of Maine, where he used to tend sheep upon the hills in his boyhood and youth. Until he had grown to be a man he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he apprenticed himself to a ship carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he came to Boston, and soon afterward was married to a widow who had property enough to set him up in business. It was not long, however, before he lost all this money and became a poor man again. Still he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that some time or other he should be very rich, and would build a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Do not suppose, children, that he had been to a fortune teller to inquire his destiny. It was his own energy and spirit of enterprise, and his resolution to lead an industrious life that made him look forward with so much confidence to better days.

Several years passed away, and William Phipps had not gained the riches which he promised to himself. During this time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684 he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahama Islands, and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phipps went to the

place in a small vessel, hoping that he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed, however, in fishing up gold and silver enough to pay the expenses of his voyage.

But before he returned he was told of another Spanish ship, or galleon, which had been cast away near Porto de la Plata. She had now lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. This old ship had been laden with immense wealth, and hitherto nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea which was rolling and tossing it about. But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phipps resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

He went to London and obtained admittance to King James, who had not yet been driven from his throne. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James listened with attention, and thought this a fine opportunity to fill his treasury with Spanish gold. He appointed William Phipps to be captain of a vessel called the *Rose Algier*, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Captain Phipps of the English navy.

II

Captain Phipps sailed from England in the *Rose Algier*, and cruised for nearly a year in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to discover the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies. The prospect of success seemed very small, and most people would have thought that Captain Phipps was as far from having money enough to build a "fair brick house" as he was while he tended sheep.

The seamen of the *Rose Algier* became discouraged, and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phipps to turn pirate. There was a much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed in the sea, than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century. They broke out in open mutiny, but were finally mastered by Phipps, and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea with such a crew of mutinous sailors, and, besides, the *Rose Algier* was leaky and unseaworthy; so Captain Phipps judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck

of the Spanish ship, and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks a few leagues from Porto de la Plata.

On his arrival in England, therefore, Captain Phipps solicited the king to let him have another vessel, and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James, who had probably expected that the *Rose Algier* would return laden with gold, refused to have anything more to do with the affair.

Phipps might never have been able to renew the search, if the Duke of Albemarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship and gave the command to Captain Phipps. He sailed from England and arrived safely at Porto de la Plata, where he took an adz and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians who were skillful divers, and could go down a great way in the depths of the sea.

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and

silver at the bottom, had there been any of the precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see — nothing more valuable than a curious sea shrub which was growing beneath the water in a crevice of the reef of rocks. It flaunted to and fro with the swell and reflux of the waves, and looked as bright and beautiful as if its leaves were gold.

"We won't go back empty-handed," cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers: "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find."

Down plunged the diver, and soon rose, dripping from the water, holding the sea shrub in his hand. But he had learned some news at the bottom of the sea.

"There are some ship's guns," said he, the moment he had drawn breath, "some great cannon among the rocks near where the shrub was growing."

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat's side, and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few moments one of them rose above the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. The single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors

took it into the boat, and then rowed back as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Captain Phipps of their good luck.

But, confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet, now that it was really found, the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.

"Thanks be to God!" then cried Captain Phipps. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, fishing for gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of gold and silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they found a sacramental vessel which had been destined as a gift to some Catholic church. Now they drew up a golden cup fit for the King of Spain to drink his wine out of. Perhaps the bony hand of its former owner had been grasping the precious cup, and was drawn up along with it. Now their rakes or fishing lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling, so that it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

There is something sad and terrible in the idea of snatching all this wealth from the devouring ocean, which had possessed it for such a length of years. It

seems as if men had no right to make themselves rich with it. It ought to have been left with the skeletons of the ancient Spaniards who had been drowned when the ship was wrecked, and whose bones were now scattered among the gold and silver.

But Captain Phipps and his crew were troubled with no such thoughts as these. After a day or two, they lighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that these were money bags. By remaining so long in the salt water, they had been covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a

stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure — plate, bullion, precious stones, and all — was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. It was dangerous even to look at such a vast amount of wealth. A sea captain who had assisted Phipps in the enterprise utterly lost his reason at the sight of it. He died two years afterward, still raving about the treasures that lie at the bottom of the sea. It would have been better for this man if he had left the skeletons of the shipwrecked Spaniards in quiet possession of their wealth.

Captain Phipps and his men continued to fish up plate, bullion, and dollars as plentifully as ever, till their provisions grew short. Then, as they could not feed upon gold and silver any more than old King Midas could, they found it necessary to go in search of better sustenance. Phipps resolved to return to England. He arrived there in 1687, and was received with great joy by the Duke of Albemarle and other English lords who had fitted out the vessel. Well they might rejoice, for they took by far the greater part of the treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It also enabled him to fulfill his promise to his wife, by build-

ing a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston. The Duke of Albemarle sent Mrs. Phipps a magnificent gold cup worth at least five thousand dollars. Before Captain Phipps left London, King James made him a knight; so that, instead of the obscure ship carpenter who had formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phipps.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Grandfather's Chair.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. Describe the room in which the chair is placed. 2. When have you heard of this chair before? 3. Describe the man who now sits in the chair. 4. Tell of the boyhood and early life of Sir William Phipps. 5. What ambition had he? 6. What unsuccessful attempts did he make to find treasure? 7. Why did he go to England? 8. What support did he receive from the King? 9. What vessel did he command?

II. 1. What difficulties did Captain Phipps have with his ship and his crew? 2. What happened on his return to England? 3. From whom did he gain support for his voyages? 4. Describe the finding of the treasure. 5. Of what did the treasure consist? 6. How much was it worth? 7. What happened to Captain Phipps? 8. What admirable qualities do you see in Phipps? 9. How did these qualities lead to his success?

For Study with the Glossary: tufted, periwig, foliage, bedizened, enterprise, galleon, Porto de la Plata, mutiny, solicit, adz, crevice, reflux, grandee, sacramental, bullion, King Midas (who turned whatever he touched into gold), obscure.

HOLDING UP THE CHESTS WITH ALL MY MIGHT. Page 93

THE DAY AFTER THE SHIPWRECK

Robinson Crusoe is telling of his adventures. His ship has been wrecked in a great storm, and he, alone of all on board, has been cast on shore.

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. But that which surprised me most was that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up to within about a mile from the shore where I was. As it seemed still to stand upright, I wished myself on board that I might have some necessary things for my use.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was extremely hot, and took to the water. But when I came to the ship my difficulty was to know how to get on board; for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hanging down by the fore chains, and this with great

difficulty I got hold of, and thus climbed up into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water.

By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and, being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread room, and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away. When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three

short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, — bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goats' flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little corn.

While I was doing this, the tide had begun to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon; as, first, tools to work with on shore. After long search-

ing I found the carpenter's chest, which was, indeed, a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling pieces in the great cabin and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powderhorns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good; the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms.

And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements. 1. A smooth, calm sea. 2. The tide rising, and setting in to the shore. 3. What little wind there was blew me toward the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, with my cargo I put to sea.

For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place

where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraught of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there which I might use as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it, so I guided my raft, as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I nearly suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think it verily would have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off toward that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner near half an hour, until the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level.

A little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off, with the oar I had, into the channel; and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek,

to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not; whether on the continent, or on an island; whether inhabited, or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts, or not. There was a hill, not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out one of the fowling pieces and one of the pistols and a horn of powder; and thus armed I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill; where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got up to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction. I was on an island, and no land was to be seen, except some rocks, which lay a great way off, and two small islands, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was on was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none; yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree

on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying, every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew.

DANIEL DEFOE: *Robinson Crusoe.*

HELPS TO STUDY

Robinson Crusoe is the most famous book for boys and one of the most widely-read stories ever written. It was published in 1719 and at once became popular and was translated into many languages. It has been read by millions of boys and girls of all nations, and every year it gains thousands of new readers.

The story was suggested by the experiences of Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish seaman, who after some adventures as a buccaneer was, at his own request, placed on the uninhabited island of Juan de Fernandez off the western coast of South America. There he lived for four years, and then returned to England.

1. How did Crusoe get on board the ship? 2. Tell in your own words how he made a raft. 3. What supplies did he collect from the ship? 4. What three encouragements led him to think that he could get ashore? 5. Describe the voyage on the raft. 6. Describe Crusoe's danger illustrated by the picture on page 89. 7. What did Crusoe learn about the island?

For Study with the Glossary: abated, bulged, quarter, ammunition, mortification, navigation, indraught, habitation.

A SHIPWRECKED FAMILY

This selection is from *The Swiss Family Robinson*, a novel which, like *Robinson Crusoe*, tells of life on an uninhabited island. The family, preserved from a shipwreck, made homes on the island, first in the branches of a great tree, which they called the Falcon's Nest, and second in the Tent House.

In the meantime my family at Tent House were employed daily in planting the European fruit trees which I had brought from the wreck. The vines were placed near the arched roots, for they required air and a shady place; but the oranges, citrons, mulberries, olives, cherries, and other fruits containing kernels were planted on the way to the bridge over the Jackal River, where they could obtain light and warmth.

I wished also to make the rocks at Tent House a kind of fortification, as all our ammunition lay there. I resolved, therefore, to choose two slight elevations

near the river, on which to fit the two cannon from the pinnace, and also to plant a thick hedge of thorns around the whole spot.

These engagements employed us for six weeks; but the hard work had completely worn out our clothes, and this with other important reasons made me consider it necessary to return to the wreck once more. I wished, if possible, to bring away one or two more of the cannon, to place on the heights of our fortification.

On the first fine day I set out in the pinnace for the wreck with the three elder boys. We found everything as we had left it; but the wind and waves had loosened the beams and damaged the powder casks. The sailors' chests were in fairly good condition, and these we placed on board the pinnace, as well as a box containing a quantity of ball and shot and two small cannon.

On the second trip, we towed our tugboat behind the pinnace, quickly loading it with planks, doors, window shutters, locks and bolts, and as many other precious things as we could carry.

At last, when it seemed as if we had plundered the wreck of every useful article, I resolved to blow it up with gunpowder, in the hope that the wind and the waves would cast on shore wood and beams, as well as other articles suitable for house building, which were too heavy for us to bring away in our boats. I had,

discovered a large, heavy copper caldron, which I thought might be saved, so I attached it to two empty casks strong enough to support it when launched into the sea.

When ready to start, I rolled a powder barrel into the hold of the ship, fastened to it carefully the end of a fusee, and after lighting it, sprang into the boat where the boys were already seated, and with outspread sail hastened toward the shore.

We had scarcely reached the bay when a roar as of majestic thunder resounded from the rocks, and at the same moment a brilliant column of fire rising into the air announced that my plan had succeeded. A feeling of sadness came over me; it seemed as if the last tie that bound us to our dear home was broken; and when my wife and Frank, in great alarm, met us as we landed, she and the boys seemed overcome by the same sad feeling. It was as if we had lost in the ship an old and dear friend.

A night's rest enabled us to shake off all feelings of regret, especially when we saw that the beach was strewn with wooden planks and beams, while on the sea near the shore floated broken fragments of all descriptions, and amongst them the copper caldron, floating between the two casks to which I had fastened it. Many days were employed in collecting all these useful articles, in piling them on the shore, and in

covering the powder casks with earth and moss till we could store them at Tent House.

My wife, in assisting us with the wreck, made the agreeable discovery that two of our ducks and one goose had each hatched a brood, and were leading their noisy young families to the water. This reminded us of our domestic comforts at Falcon's Nest, and we determined to defer the rest of our work at Tent House, and to return the next day to our shady summer home.

On our way I observed that the newly planted fruit trees were beginning to droop, and I resolved to proceed to Cape Disappointment the next morning to cut bamboos to make props for them. We started in high spirits from Falcon's Nest, and I led my household by the newly discovered road to the plantations of potatoes, through which Fritz and I had passed, until at length we reached the bird-colony tree.

The waxberry tree soon came in sight, and the boys eagerly gathered berries enough to fill two sacks, which were stowed away safely in a spot which we should pass on our way home. When we reached the India-rubber tree, I made several incisions in the bark, from which the gum oozed freely and soon filled all our little vessels. These also were left for our homeward journey.

We continued to advance till we reached the cocoa-nut wood, and, leaving it on the left, presently arrived at an open spot situated between the grove of sugar

canes and the bamboo bushes, which lay at a little distance beyond. Here we paused to admire a beautiful landscape which lay stretched out before us. On our left was the sugar cane grove, to the right the bamboos, and before us a splendid avenue of palm trees. Cape Disappointment could be seen beyond, stretching out into the deep sea.

We felt inclined to remove from Falcon's Nest, and take up our abode here; but the safety of our night castle in the great tree, and other advantages which we enjoyed at Falcon's Nest, made us decide to remain at the dear old home.

We determined, however, to make a halt for our midday meal. The animals were unharnessed from the cart and set at liberty to graze on the rich pasture, and we produced from our store of provisions enough for a slight repast for ourselves. Then we set to work to cut down and tie together bamboo and sugar canes, in bundles of a size suitable for placing on the cart.

The boys cast longing eyes on the cocoanuts, and Fritz and Jack attempted to climb the trees, but the trunk was too large and too smooth for them, and sliding to the ground, they measured with discouraged eyes the height of the smooth and polished stem.

In this dilemma I produced rough pads of the shark's skin, and, after fastening them to their arms and knees, told them to try again, as the rough surface would

enable them to rest and take breath while clinging to the stem with their knees.

Fritz and Jack made the attempt, and soon reached the top of the tree. Each took an ax from his leathern girdle and struck so bravely at the clusters of cocoa-nuts that they fell to the ground like hail. The boys were almost beside themselves with delight, and, coming down, received our congratulations that this wonderful gymnastic performance had turned out so well.

Ernest, who had not taken part in it, was soon seen climbing a tree on which no fruit grew. In response to a laugh from his brothers, he took his ax from his girdle, and with one or two strokes cut off the large, delicately formed leaves from the crown. "I have thrown to you a beautiful palm cabbage," he cried, "twenty times more agreeable to eat than cocoanuts. This tree is the vegetable palm."

"The boy is right," I exclaimed, as I examined a leaf, "and it is very healthful food. It grows on the top of the tree."

As the day was now far advanced, we resolved to remain for the night in this charming spot, and to build a little cabin of branches and leaves to protect ourselves from the cold wind and the dew. I had brought with me a piece of sail-cloth, with which we could cover our little hut and protect it from the night air.

I determined that after gathering dry grass and moss for our beds, large fires and torches should be lighted to surround our cabin. These torches were easily made of dry sugar canes, about five or six feet long, which gave a brilliant light, and would continue burning for many hours.

We laid ourselves down on the soft beds of grass and moss which the boys had collected, with loaded guns close at hand in case of danger. For a time I kept awake to replenish the fire and keep the torches lighted; but as hour after hour passed, and no wild beasts appeared, I gradually sank into a refreshing sleep.

JOHANN DAVID WYSS: *The Swiss Family Robinson.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What do you learn about Tent House? 2. Compare the trip to the wreck with that made by Robinson Crusoe (p. 89). 3. Why did they blow up the wreck? 4. What was the result? 5. Describe an India-rubber tree. 6. What trees and plants were growing on the island? 7. Which of those had been planted by the shipwrecked family? 8. What do you learn about Falcon's Nest? 9. How did the boys manage to climb the cocoanut tree? 10. Who were the members of the Swiss family?

For Study with the Glossary: ammunition, elevations, engagements, pinnace, caldron, fusee, defer, incision.

ARNOLD OF WINKELRIED

On July 9, 1386, the victory at Sempach of the Swiss over the Austrians won the independence of Switzerland. The Austrians formed a solid mass, shoulder to shoulder, and withstood the attacks of the Swiss until Arnold of Winkelried rushed forward, grasped as many spears as he could reach, and thus broke the Austrian line. Over his body his companions rushed to victory. Winkelried is pronounced Vin'-kel-rēd.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried —
Made way for liberty, and died.
In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
All-horrent with projected spears,
Impregnable their front appears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke;

Marshaled once more at freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin:
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power!
All Switzerland is in the field —
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,

While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him — Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done —
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed amidst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly —
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,

And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart.
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Read the poem to yourself, fixing in mind the events of each stanza. 2. Note that the first three stanzas tell of an important moment in the battle. 3. What is the subject of stanza 4? of stanza 5? 4. Who is the *he* of the first line of the poem? 5. What is a phalanx? 6. How is it described in line 4 of stanza I? 7. What is the "ignoble yoke" of line 10, page 104? 8. For what were the Swiss fighting? 9. What lines show that each Swiss felt the victory depended on him alone? 10. In the fourth stanza what is likened to a bursting storm? to a thunderbolt?

For Study with the Glossary: phalanx, all-horrent, impregnable, hovering, haunts, annihilates, trump of Fame, rumination, anticipate, breach, instantaneous.

WILLIAM TELL

GESSLER, the Austrian governor who has just captured Tell and his son.

WILLIAM TELL, leader of the Swiss in their effort to free their land from the cruel rule of Austria.

ALBERT, Tell's young son.

SCENE I

WILLIAM TELL, ALBERT, *his Son, and* GESSLER.

Gessler. Thy name?

Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now: —
My name is Tell.

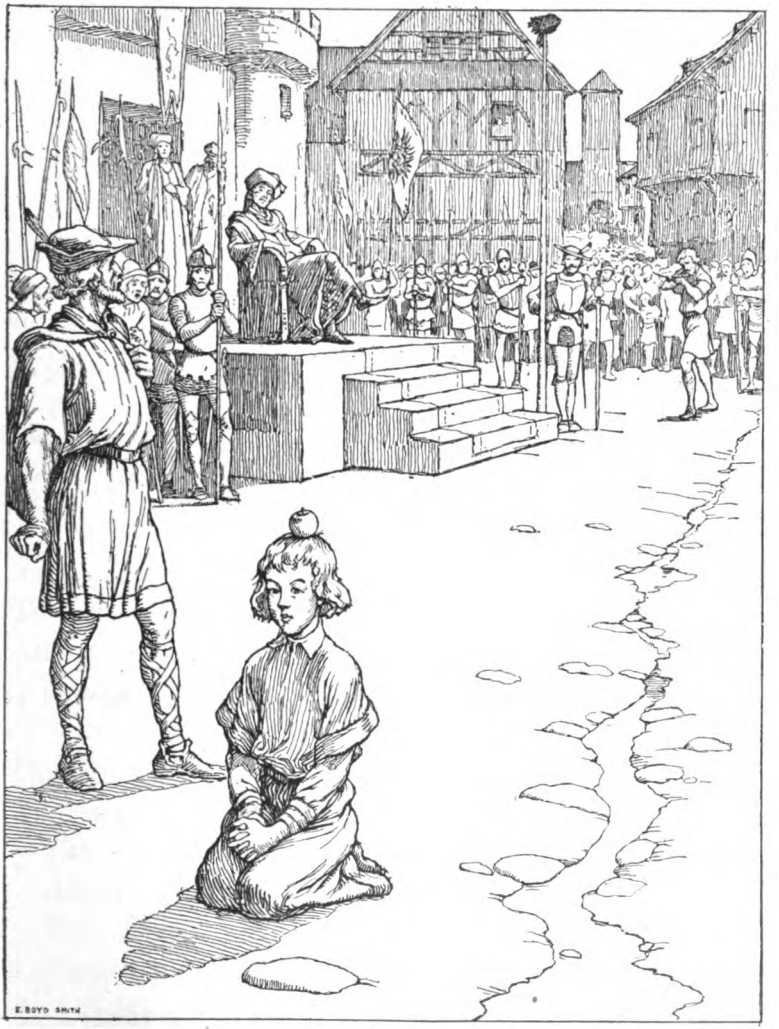
Gessler. Tell! — William Tell?

Tell. The same.

Gessler. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss! — Indeed — I'll take
Exquisite vengeance! — Mark! I'll spare thy life —
Thy boy's too! — both of you are free — on one
Condition.

Tell. Name it.

Gessler. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.
Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make.
Gessler. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.
Tell. Look upon my boy! What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it! — Guessed the trial
You'd have me make! — Guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean — no — no —
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! — Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
Gessler. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
Tell. Is my boy to hold it?
Gessler. No.
Tell. No! — I'll send the arrow through the core!
Gessler. It is to rest upon his head.
Tell. Great Heaven, thou hearest him!
Gessler. Thou dost hear the choice I give —
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you; not otherwise
To be escaped.



WILLIAM TELL

Tell. O monster!
Gessler. Wilt thou do it?
Albert. He will! he will!
Tell. Ferocious monster! — Make
A father murder his own child.
Gessler. Take off
His chains, if he consent.
Tell. With his own hand!
Gessler. Does he consent?
Albert. He does.

[GESSLER *signs to his officers, who proceed to take off* TELL'S *chains.* TELL *all the time unconscious of what they do.*

Tell. With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand!
'Tis beyond horror — 'tis most horrible.
Amazement! [*His chains fall off.*] What's that you've done to me?
Villains! put on my chains again.
I'll not
Murder my boy for Gessler.
Albert. Father — father!
You will not hit me, father! —
Tell. Hit thee! — Send
The arrow through thy brain — or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye — or, if thine eye escapes,

Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses! — Hit thee — hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart —
Gessler. Dost thou consent?
Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.
Gessler. For what?
Tell. To shoot my boy!
Albert. No, father, — no!
To save me! — You'll be sure to hit the apple —
Will you not save me, father?
Tell. Lead me forth, —
I'll make the trial.
Albert. Thank you!
Tell. Thank me! Do
You know for what? — I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corpse before her!
Gessler. Then he dies this moment — and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.
Tell. Well — I'll do it: I'll make the trial.
Albert. Father —
Tell. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice — Thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be — Earth should be dumb
And Heaven — unless its thunders muttered at

The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver! —

Gessler. When all's ready.

Tell. Well! lead on!

Scene II

Enter, slowly, Citizens and Women, Gessler, Tell, Albert, *and Soldiers — one bearing* Tell's *bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples.*

Gessler. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is the line a true one?

Gessler. True or not, what is't to thee?

Tell. What is't to you? A little thing,
A very little thing — a yard or two
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.

Gessler. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gessler! — Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun!

Gessler. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back. — The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I cannot see to shoot against the sun —
I will not shoot against the sun!

Gessler. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.

Gessler. Stay! show me the basket! — There —

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Gessler. I know I have.

Tell. O! do you? — But you see
The color on't is dark — I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Gessler. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hit'st it.

Tell. True — true! I did not think of that — I wonder
I did not think of that. — Give me some chance
To save my boy!

[*Throws away the apple with all his force.*

I will not murder him,
If I can help it — for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.

Gessler. Well, choose thyself.

Tell. Have I a friend among the lookers on?

Verner (*rushing forward*). Here, Tell!

Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm

To shake a hand with us. I must be brief,
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! — the boy! Think'st thou he hath the courage
To stand it?

Verner. Yes.

Tell. How looks he?

Verner. Clear and smilingly.
If you doubt it — look yourself.

Tell. No — no — my friend.
To hear it is enough.

Verner. He bears himself so much above his years —

Tell. I know! — I know.

Verner. With constancy so modest! —

Tell. I was sure he would —

Verner. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you —

Tell. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man! — Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint — flint — flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not — you do not mind me! — Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.

Set him upon his knees — and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me, —
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady — tell him
I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

Verner. Come, Albert! [*Leading him out.*

Albert. May I not speak with him before I go?

Verner. No.

Albert. I would only kiss his hand.

Verner. You must not.

Albert. I must! — I cannot go from him without.

Verner. It is his will you should.

Albert. His will, is it?
I am content, then — come.

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? — Go, now,
My son — and keep in mind that I can shoot —
Go, boy — be thou steady, I will hit
The apple — Go! — God bless thee — go. — My bow! — [*The bow is handed to him.*
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? — Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant — No,
I'm sure of thee — I know thy honesty.
Thou art stanch — stanch. — Let me see my quiver.

Gessler. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Soldier. I do.

Tell. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather jagged;
[*Breaks it.*
That's all the use 'tis fit for.

Gessler. Let him have another.

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take — 'tis heavy in the shaft;
I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my quiver.
Bring it! — 'Tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that. —

Gessler. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.

Tell. See if the boy is ready.

Verner. He is.

Tell. I'm ready, too! Keep silence for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir — and let me have
Your prayers — your prayers — and be my witnesses
That if his life's in peril from my hand
'Tis only for the chance of saving it. [*To the people.*
Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent.

[TELL *shoots, and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.* TELL'S *head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*

Verner (*rushing in with* ALBERT). The boy is safe, — no hair of him is touched.

Albert. Father, I'm safe! — your Albert's safe. Dear father, —

Speak to me! Speak to me!

Verner. He cannot, boy!

Albert. You grant him life?

Gessler. I do.

Albert. And we are free?

Gessler. You are.

Albert. Thank Heaven! — thank Heaven!

Verner. Open his vest,

And give him air.

[ALBERT *opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops.* TELL *starts, fixes his eye upon* ALBERT, *and clasps him to his breast.*

Tell. My boy! — My boy!

Gessler. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

SHERIDAN KNOWLES: *William Tell.*

HELPS TO STUDY

William Tell is the national hero of Switzerland, but his fame rests on the single incident recorded here.

This may be read as drama, the part of each speaker being taken by a pupil. New assignments may be made for each scene. Study the parts so that you can read with spirit. Perhaps your teacher will arrange for you to act out the play.

Scene I. 1. Who was Tell? 2. Gessler? 3. Why does Tell often repeat Gessler's words? 4. What is Gessler's "exquisite vengeance"? 5. Why are Tell's chains removed? 6. Why does he order them on again? 7. How does Albert feel? 8. Why does Tell command Albert to be dumb? 9. Why does he think "Earth should be dumb"?

Scene II. 1. How far is a hundred paces? 2. Why does Tell object to shooting against the sun? 3. Does Gessler show any mercy? 4. What does Tell say to Verner? 5. What was the "common cause"? 6. Why would not Tell look at the boy? 7. Explain: "I'm too much the father to act the man." 8. What qualities of character are shown by Tell, by Albert? 9. Why is Tell the national hero of Switzerland? 10. What do you admire in Albert's conduct?

For Study with the Glossary: exquisite, instinctively, constancy, exultation.

Review Questions. 1. What other heroes have you read about in this book? or elsewhere? 2. Compare William Tell with another Swiss hero. 3. Compare Tell with another archer. 4. What do you know about Switzerland?

The next four selections tell of famous battles. They show both the horror and the splendor of war. The horror comes from human suffering, from starvation, wounds, and death. The splendor comes from human bravery and sacrifice, the willingness of men to give their all for country.

HOHENLINDEN

During the Napoleonic wars, a battle between the Austrians and the French took place at Hohenlinden (Linden heights), a village near Munich. The French were victorious. Thomas Campbell, the English poet, was a student in Germany at the time and had been at Hohenlinden a few weeks before the battle. The poem was written shortly afterwards. The name France is derived from the Franks, a great tribe of northern Europe. The Huns were another warlike tribe that overran Europe and gave their name to Hungary. Who are meant in the poem by "the Frank" and "the Hun"? The Bavarians of Munich fought on the side of the Austrians.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
    Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What time of day is described in the first stanza? in the sixth stanza? 2. In the third stanza of what use were torch and trumpet? 3. Find three references to snow. 4. What made the "war clouds"? "the sulphurous canopy"? 5. Locate Munich, Iser, and Bavaria, on a map.

For Study with the Glossary: dead of night; battle blade, dreadful revelry, Frank, winding sheet, chivalry, Hun, bolts of heaven, dun, Munich.

The charge described in the next poem was made at Balaklava during the Crimean war when the English and French were fighting against the Russians. Tennyson is said to have noticed in a newspaper the lines "Some one has blundered," which he uses so effectively. It is difficult to tell who "had blundered," for Captain Nolan, the officer who delivered the order for the charge, was killed while trying to change its direction. The poem imitates in a wonderful way the galloping rush of the brigade and the thunder of the guns; and it pays a noble tribute to the soldiers' valor.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
  Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them —
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade —
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Find the Crimea and Balaklava on your map. 2. What passage teaches that the first duty of the soldier is to obey? 3. What is meant by the "jaws of death"? "the mouth of Hell"? 4. What lines by their sound imitate the galloping of horses? 5. What lines by their sound suggest the thunder of the cannon?

For Study with the Glossary: league, Cossack, volley'd, sabring.

The long and brave resistance made by the Dutch in the sixteenth century to the Spaniards, is one of the most heroic wars of history. Little Holland stood out for eighty years against the great forces of Spain, then the richest and most powerful nation of Europe. Sixty Spanish forts surrounded the city of Leyden, but the city would yield neither to force nor to offers of pardons and rewards. Though the people were in great want of food, the burgomaster caused bands of music to play in the streets in order to keep up the courage of the starving people. Finally the citizens cut their dikes and flooded the land in the hope that vessels might reach them with provisions. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," was their motto. The next selection tells of the closing events in the siege of Leyden.

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN

I

The besieged city was at its last gasp. Bread, malt-cake, horseflesh, had entirely disappeared. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where the few remaining cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees; every living herb was converted into human food. The mortality was frightful — infants starved to death; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses — father, mother, and children — side by side; for a disease called the plague, now came, as if in kindness, to shorten the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath the scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out — women and men mutually encouraging

one another to resist the entrance of their foreign foe — an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw, more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned all hope of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of St. Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leafed felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved:

"What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? — a fate more terrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved, but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging their vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters, and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls ye may know that the city holds out."

II

On the twenty-eighth of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the prince that if the spring tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their rescue, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned.

The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night between the first and second of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours fully eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through, according to the prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle — a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course.

The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path — the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty

yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in keen pursuit, attacking them with boathook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose, formidable and frowning, directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to

carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. It seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if in the meantime Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist. "Yonder," cried the magistrate — "yonder behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us."

It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall between Cow Gate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city indeed been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time a solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the dark-

ness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy, Gisbert Cornellisen, now waving his cap from the battlements, had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone.

The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, himself flying from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm, for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and entered the city on the morning of the third of October. Leyden was relieved.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY: *The Rise of the Dutch Republic (Abridged).*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. Find Leyden on your map. 2. What was the condition of the city as described in the first paragraph? 3. Find the passage in the Bible referred to in the expression "the pestilence stalked at noon-day." (*Psalms* xci. 6.) 4. Who was Valdez? 5. What offers did he make to the city? 6. Describe the burgomaster's speech to the citizens.

II. 1. What message was brought from Admiral Boisot? 2. What was the effect of the equinoctial gale? 3. What is meant by the ocean sweeping across the ruined dikes? by a naval battle among orchards and chimneys? 4. Describe the attack of the Zealanders on the retreating Spanish. 5. What was the last obstacle to the relief of the city? 6. Describe the last night of the siege. 7. What did Gisbert Cornellisen see and do?

For Study with the Glossary: shambles, missives, burgomaster, inflexibility, haggard, literally, menaces, appease, battlement, fidelity, equinoctial gale, redoubts, precipitately, flotilla, corsairs, gave nor took quarter, dismantle, armada, founder, reconnoitering, insuperable, detour, sortie, massacre.

Leyden (Lī′-den), Valdez, Adrian Van der Werf, St. Pancras, Boisot (Bwä-sō′), North Aa (ä′-ä), Zoeterwoude, Zealanders, Lammen, Hague (Hāg), Hengist, Gisbert Cornellisen, Leyderdorp.

To this brave city of Leyden, a few years after the siege, came the Pilgrims to take refuge from persecution in England. For eleven years they lived there before setting sail in the *Mayflower* to found New England.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory!

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a starving mother then
And new-born baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay — nay — my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 't was a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

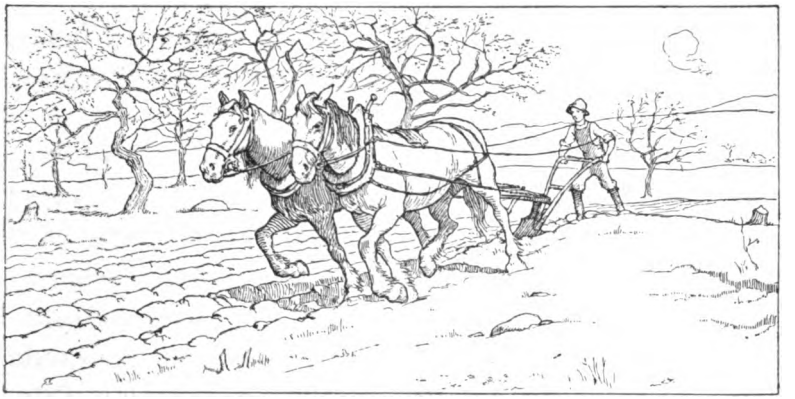
HELPS TO STUDY

The Battle of Blenheim, a little village in Bavaria, was fought in 1704. The allied English, Germans, Danes, and Dutch, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, were victorious over the allied French and Bavarians. The losses on both sides were enormous.

1. What scene is described in the first stanza? 2. Does this scene give any hint of war? 3. What is the first indication of the battle? 4. What do you know about this battle? 5. What does old Kaspar have to say about it? 6. What are some of the horrors of war? 7. When is war surely wrong? 8. When is it right? 9. Where is Bavaria?

For Study with the Glossary: Wilhelmine (Wil′ hel-mēn), expectant, plowshare.

Review Questions. 1. What battles have been described in the last four selections? 2. What other battles or wars have been referred to in this Reader? 3. Which seems to you the bravest deed you have ever read about? 4. What differences are there between warfare now and in the time of Blenheim? 5. What differences between Blenheim and the time of Arnold of Winkelried? 6. Do you know any other poems about battles?



THE BOYHOOD OF GENERAL GRANT

In the preceding pages of this book you have read of many heroic deeds. Now we come to incidents in the lives of two great Americans who led the armies of the North and South. We shall meet them not in the moments of their great victories but as they appeared in everyday life.

The account of General Grant's boyhood is taken from his own *Memoirs*, which he wrote in the last years of his life. He hoped to provide for his family through the sale of this book; and though suffering from pain and illness, he worked with the greatest perseverance in order to complete the book before he died. So the book was a great victory for his moral courage and steadfastness. The pages which follow also show the modesty and simplicity of the great general and president.

I was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. In the fall of 1823 we

moved to Georgetown, the county seat of Brown, the adjoining county east. This place remained my home, until, at the age of seventeen, in 1839, I went to West Point.

The schools at the time of which I write were very indifferent. There were no free schools, and none in which the scholars were classified. The schools were all supported by subscription; and a single teacher — who was often a man or a woman incapable of teaching much, even if he imparted all he knew — would have thirty or forty scholars, male and female, from the child learning the A B C's up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty, studying the highest branches taught — the three R's, "Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic."

I never saw an algebra or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic, until after I was appointed to West Point.

My father was, from my earliest recollection, in comfortable circumstances, considering the times, his place of residence, and the community in which he lived. Mindful of his own lack of schooling, his greatest desire in maturer years was for the education of his children.

I never missed a quarter from school from the time I was old enough to attend till the time of leaving home. This did not exempt me from labor. In my early days,

every one labored more or less, in the region where my youth was spent, and more in proportion to their private means. It was only the very poor who were exempt.

While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labor; but I was fond of agriculture and of all employment in which horses were used.

We had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village. In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelvemonth. When I was seven or eight years of age, I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time; but I could drive, and the choppers would load, and some one at the house unload.

When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plow. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, plowing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school.

For this I was compensated by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishing by my parents;

no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county, fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

While still quite young I had visited Cincinnati, forty-five miles away, several times, alone; also Maysville, Kentucky, often, and once Louisville. The journey to Louisville was a big one for a boy of that day. I had also gone once in a two-horse carriage to Chillicothe, about seventy miles, with a neighbor's family, who were removing to Toledo, Ohio, and returned alone; and had gone once, in like manner, to Flat Rock, Kentucky, about seventy miles away.

One of my schoolmates is reported as having told of an early horse trade of mine. As he told the story, there was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but the owner wanted twenty-five.

I was so anxious to have the colt that, after the owner left, I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted, I was to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give

the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt.

When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him, "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that to give twenty-five." It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon.

This story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great heartburning. The story got out among the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it. Boys enjoy the misery of their companions, at least village boys in that day did, and in later life I have found that all adults are not free from the peculiarity.

I kept the horse until he was four years old, when he went blind, and I sold him for twenty dollars. When I went to school in Maysville, in 1836, at the age of fourteen, I recognized my colt as one of the blind horses working on the treadwheel of the ferryboat.

I have described enough of my early life to give an impression of the whole. I did not like to work; but I did as much of it, while young, as grown men can be hired to do in these days, and attended school at the

same time. I had as many privileges as any boy in the village, and probably more than most of them.

I have no recollection of ever having been punished at home, either by scolding or by rod. But at school the case was different. The rod was freely used there, and I was not exempt from its influence. I can see the school-teacher now, with his long beech switch always in his hand. It was not always the same one either.

Switches were brought in bundles, from a beech wood near the schoolhouse, by the boys for whose benefit they were intended. Often a whole bundle would be used up in a single day. I never had any hard feelings against my teacher, either while attending the school, or in later years when reflecting upon my experience. He was a kind-hearted man, and was much respected by the community in which he lived. He only followed the universal custom for the period, and that under which he had received his own education.

ULYSSES S. GRANT: *Personal Memoirs.*

This selection is used by permission of the publishers, The Century Co.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where was General Grant born? 2. How long ago? 3. Tell about his schooling. 4. Where have you read about such a school (p. 21). 5. What are the three R's? 6. What is West

Point? 7. What work did Grant do while going to school? 8. What sports did he enjoy? 9. What does he mean when he says, "It was only the very poor who were exempt from labor"? 10. Why is a "Connecticut man" selected to pass judgment on his trade? 11. Can you think of any common expressions which refer to Connecticut thrift and shrewdness? 12. How was Grant punished at school? 13. Do you think it was good for him?

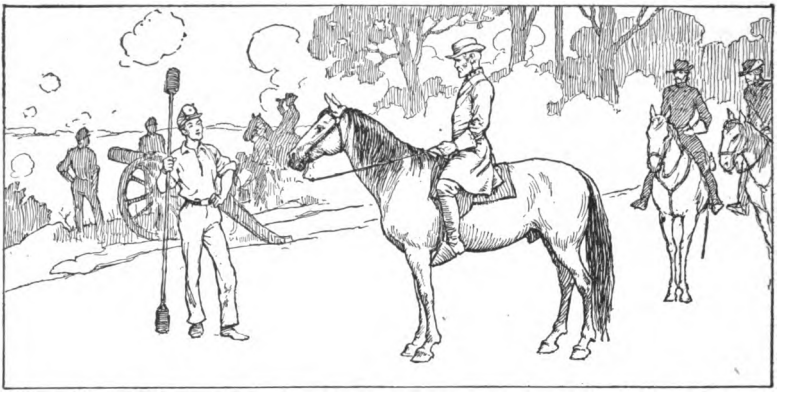
14. What can you tell of General Grant's later life? 15. What were some of Grant's characteristics? 16. What can you tell of the boyhood of other presidents? 17. What presidents began life as poor boys? 18. Who is president now? 19. What chance have you to be president?

For Study with the Glossary: indifferent, imparted, community, exempt, compensated, heart-burning, universal.

Explain the phrases: "Supported by subscription," "comfortable circumstances," "breaking up the land," "rational enjoyments."

Find the places mentioned on your map and make sure of their pronunciation in the Glossary.

Few men have commanded such universal admiration from their associates as did General Lee. Every one who knew him felt that it would be impossible for him to do anything mean, cowardly, or dishonest. Of splendid presence, finely educated, from one of our most distinguished families, Lee was a true gentleman as well as a great general. Now, many years after the War between the States, both North and South join in their admiration of Lee's great qualities and claim him as one of the finest types of American. The selection which follows is by General Lee's son.



GENERAL LEE AND "TRAVELER"

In the autumn I was offered the position of lieutenant on the staff of my brother, W. H. F. Lee, just promoted to the command of a brigade. I had received a letter from my father telling me to come to him as soon as I had gotten my discharge from my company; so I proceeded at once to his headquarters, which were situated near Orange Court House, on a wooded hill just east of the village. I found there the horse which he gave me. She was a daughter of his mare, "Grace Darling," and, though not so handsome as her mother, she inherited many of her good qualities, and carried me well until the end of the war and for thirteen years afterward. She was four years old, a solid bay, and never failed me a single day during three years' hard

work. The General was on the point of moving his headquarters down to Fredericksburg, some of the army having already gone forward to that city. I think the camp was struck the day after I arrived, and as the General's hands were not yet entirely well, he allowed me, as a great favor, to ride his horse, Traveler. Amongst the soldiers this horse was as well known as was his master. He was a handsome iron-gray with black points — mane and tail very dark — sixteen hands high, and five years old. He was born near the White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and attracted the notice of my father when he was in that part of the state in 1861. He was never known to tire, and, though quiet and sensible in general and afraid of nothing, yet if not regularly exercised, he fretted a good deal, especially in a crowd of horses. But there can be no better description of this famous horse than the one given by his master. It was dictated to his daughter Agnes at Lexington, Virginia, after the war, in response to some artist who had asked for a description, and was corrected in his own handwriting.

"If I were an artist like you I would draw a true picture of Traveler — representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and

tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts, through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since — to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the Seven Days' battle around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864–65 on the long line of defenses from Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the

comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favorite is the American saddle from St. Louis. Of all his companions in toil, 'Richmond,' 'Brown Roan,' 'Ajax,' and quiet 'Lucy Long,' he is the only one that retained his vigor. The first two expired under their onerous burden, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait."

CAPTAIN ROBERT LEE: *Recollections and Letters of General Lee.*

This selection is used by permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Page, and Co.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Who was General Lee? 2. What army did he command? 3. In what war? 4. Who is the "I" in the first line of the selection? 5. Can you locate the battle field of Manassas (Bull Run) on your map? 6. Describe Traveler. 7. Can you tell something of the great battle fields which he saw? 8. What did General Lee and Traveler do after the war was over?

For Study with the Glossary: headquarters, sagacity.

Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock, Chickahominy, Appomattox.

THE HAPPIEST MAN

I

Many, many, years ago there lived at Sardis in Asia a king whose name was Crœsus. His people were very prosperous, and Crœsus was said to be the richest man in the world. Even to-day when we wish to say that a man is very wealthy, we sometimes call him a Crœsus.

King Crœsus had many visitors who admired his clothes and jewels, and all the beautiful things with which he was surrounded. They often said to him, "You ought to be the happiest man in the world."

As Crœsus sat in his splendid palace and heard men wonder at his wealth, he tried to think of something else which could add to his comfort or pleasure. He could think of nothing. He had everything that he desired. He said, "Truly, I am the happiest man in the world."

One summer a visitor came to Sardis from Athens across the sea in Greece. This visitor was Solon, the lawmaker of Athens. He was famous for his wisdom, and many thought him to be the wisest man in the world. For hundreds of years after his death, it was thought high praise to say of a man, "He is as wise as Solon."

Crœsus was pleased to have a visit from the wisest man in the world. He showed Solon his palaces and gardens and great treasury filled with gold and silver and jewels. When Solon had seen and examined all these precious possessions, Crœsus said, "My Athenian guest, tell me who is the happiest man you have seen?"

He expected that Solon would answer, "King Crœsus." But Solon, after thinking for a moment replied, "Tellus, a poor man, who once lived in Athens."

Crœsus was surprised and disappointed, and eagerly asked, "Why do you select Tellus? Why do you think him the happiest of men?"

"He was an honest man," replied Solon, "and he lived in a well governed country. His children were virtuous and healthy. When they had grown up and had children of their own, Tellus ended his life in a glorious way. He died nobly in battle fighting for his country."

Crœsus thought that he would at least come second to Tellus, so he asked, "Who do you think should rank next to Tellus in happiness?" He was sure that this time Solon would now say, "Crœsus."

"Two young men whom I knew in Greece," replied the wise Athenian. "They were strong in body, pure in mind, and devoted to their mother. Death

came to them without suffering; for, while worshiping in the temple, they fell asleep and never awoke more."

Crœsus was angry at this reply. "Why do you place these poor and humble men above the richest of Kings?" he asked. "Why do you make no account of my wealth and power?"

"O Crœsus," said Solon, "if a man lives seventy years, his life numbers many thousand days. You have great treasures and are King over many people; but no one can say whether you are happy or not until you have ended your life happily. Many rich men are unhappy and many poor men are fortunate. No one knows what misfortunes and misery may befall you in the days to come."

II

In the years after the visit of Solon, as Crœsus grew older and richer, many misfortunes came to him. Finally his country was conquered by Cyrus, the king of the Persians. The palace of Crœsus was burned, his gardens destroyed, and his treasures seized by the conquerors.

One of the Persians, not knowing Crœsus, was about to kill him. So saddened was Crœsus by misfortune, that he made no attempt to save himself or to explain

who he was. Now, one of his sons had been dumb from birth; but on seeing the King's danger, the boy burst into speech and cried, "Kill not Crœsus."

Crœsus was carried prisoner to Cyrus and condemned to be burnt to death. The Persians made a great pile of wood in the market place of the ruined city, and on the top they placed the unhappy king, bound in fetters.

"Now we shall have a merry blaze," said the savage men; and one of them seized a torch.

Poor Crœsus lay silent and miserable without a friend to help him. Then he thought of the words which wise Solon had spoken long before, "No man can say whether you are happy or not until you die." The memory of these words only added to his despair, and he moaned aloud, "O Solon! O Solon! Solon!"

Cyrus was riding by at that moment and heard his moans. "What does he say?" he asked the soldiers.

"He says nothing but 'Solon! Solon! Solon! O Solon!'", they answered.

Then the King came nearer to the pyre, and said to Crœsus, "Why do you call, 'Solon, Solon?'"

Crœsus was silent for a long time, but after Cyrus had urged him to explain, he told all about Solon's visit and Solon's opinion of happiness. "Would that every king or conqueror might heed Solon's words," cried Crœsus.

Cyrus was much moved by the story. He repeated to himself the words, "No one knows what misfortunes and misery may befall you in the days to come." He began to wonder whether he might not some time lose all his power and wealth and find himself miserable and helpless in the hands of his enemies.

"Why should I, who am only a man, kill this man?" he asked himself. "Is it not better to be merciful and kind to those who are in distress?"

The pyre was already burning about the edges, but Cyrus ordered his soldiers to put out the blaze and rescue Crœsus. Ever afterwards Crœsus was treated with respect and honor, and the two Kings lived together in friendship.

Retold from HERODOTUS.

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. Find on your map Sardis, Athens. 2. For what was Crœsus famous? 3. For what was Solon famous? 4. What question did Crœsus ask Solon? 5. What was Solon's answer? 6. Why did Solon refuse to consider Crœsus among the happiest of men?

II. 1. How did Crœsus fare in later years? 2. Who was Cyrus? 3. To what punishment did he condemn Crœsus? 4. How did Solon's wisdom save the life of Crœsus? 5. Herodotus, who first told this story, was a Greek historian and philosopher. Do you know the names of any other Greek writers? 6. What is the lesson taught by this story of Crœsus?

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What was the vision of Abou ben Adhem (ä'dem) on the first night? 2. What was the vision of the second night? 3. Why did his name lead all the rest? 4. Of what men and women could it be said, "Write me as one who loved his fellow men"?

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in small measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

JOAN OF ARC

Five hundred years ago English armies overran most of France. For many years the One Hundred Years' War had been going on, in which the Black Prince and Henry V had won great victories for England, and France was suffering from famine, taxes, and internal quarrels, as well as from the ravages of war. Henry VI of England had been crowned King of France at Paris; and the rightful king, the Dauphin Charles, who was a weak and timorous youth, under the control of selfish and dishonest counsellors, was incapable of leading his people.

In this darkest hour France was saved by a peasant girl who believed that God had chosen her to aid her country and her king. The selection tells her story, one of the most wonderful in all history. Though she was burned as a witch when she was only nineteen, her work was done and the French did not rest until they drove the last of the invaders from their land. Joan was deserted by King and nobles, but she had inspired the people with something of her own faith, bravery, and devotion.

I

Nearly five hundred years ago, the children of Domremy, a little village on the borders of France, used to meet and dance and sing beneath a beautiful beech tree. They called it "The Fairy Tree," or "The Good Ladies' Lodge," meaning the fairies by the words "Good Ladies." Among these children was one named Joan, (born in 1412), the daughter of an honest farmer. It was said among the villagers that Joan's godmother

had once seen the fairies dancing; but though some of the older people believed in the Good Ladies, it does not seem that Joan and the other children had faith in them or thought much about them. They only went to the tree and to a neighboring fairy well to eat cakes and laugh and play.

This was that famed JOAN THE MAIDEN, the bravest, kindest, best, and wisest of women, whose tale is the saddest, the most wonderful, and the most glorious page in the history of the world. But as a little girl, she was a child among children, though better, kinder, stronger than the rest; and poor herself, she was always good and helpful to those who were poorer still.

Joan was good and simple, and was often in churches and holy places. And when she heard the church bell ring, she would kneel down in the fields. All those who had seen Joan told the same tale. She was always kind, simple, industrious, pious, and yet merry, and fond of playing with the others round the fairy tree. They say that the singing birds came to her and nestled in her breast.

When Joan was between twelve and thirteen, so she declared, *a Voice came to her from God for her guidance*, but when first it came, she was in great fear. And it came, that Voice, about noonday, in the summer season, she being in her father's garden.

It was in 1424 that the Voices first came to Joan

the Maid. The years went on, bringing more and more sorrow to France. In 1428 only a very few small towns in the east held out for the Dauphin, who had not yet been crowned King. Meanwhile the Voices came more frequently, urging Joan to go into France and help her country. She asked how she, a girl, who could not ride or use sword or lance, could be of any help. Rather would she stay at home and spin beside her dear mother. At the same time she was encouraged by a vague old prophecy "that France was to be saved by a maiden from the Oak Wood," and there was an oak wood near Domremy.

Some such prophecy had an influence on Joan, and probably helped people to believe in her. The Voices, moreover, instantly and often commanded her to go to a neighboring town which was loyal, and there meet Robert de Baudricourt, who was captain of the French garrison. It was to him that Joan must go, a country girl to a great noble, and tell him that she, and she alone, could save France!

Joan came, in her simple red dress, and walked straight up to the captain among his men. She told him that the Dauphin must keep quiet, and risk no battle, for before the middle of Lent next year God would send him succor. She added that the kingdom belonged, not to the Dauphin, but to her Master, who willed that the Dauphin should be crowned, and

she herself would lead him to Reims, to be anointed with the holy oil.

"And who is your Master?" said Robert.

"The King of Heaven."

Robert, very naturally, thought Joan was crazed, and shrugged his shoulders. He bluntly told a bystander to box her ears, and take her back to her father.

But the time at last drew near when she had prophesied that the Dauphin was to receive help from Heaven — namely, in the Lent of 1429.

Early in January, 1429, Joan the Maid turned her back on Domremy, which she was never to see again. On the twelfth of February, the story goes that she went to Robert de Baudricourt.

"You delay too long," she said. "On this very day, at Orleans, the gentle Dauphin has lost a battle."

This was, in fact, the Battle of Herrings, so called because the English defeated and cut off a French and Scottish force which attacked them as they were bringing herrings into camp for provisions in Lent. If this tale is true, Joan cannot have known of the battle by any common means.

Now the people bought clothes for Joan to wear on her journey to the Dauphin. They were such clothes as men wore — doublet, hose, surcoat, boots, and spurs — and Robert de Baudricourt gave Joan a sword.

On the 23d of February, 1429, seven travelers rode out from the gate of the castle, among them two squires with attendants, and Joan the Maid. The two young gentlemen regarded her "as if she had been an angel." "They were in awe of her," they said long afterwards. So on they rode, six men and a maid, on their dangerous journey, through a country full of English soldiers, the enemies of France.

On the sixth of March Joan arrived at Chinon, where for two or three days the King's advisers would not let her see him. At last they yielded, and she went straight up to him, and when he denied that he was the King, she told him that she knew well who he was.

"This is the King," said Charles, pointing to a richly dressed noble.

"No, fair Sire. You are he!"

Still, it was not easy to believe. Joan stayed at Chinon in the house of a noble lady. The young Duc d'Alençon was on her side from the first, bewitched by her noble horsemanship which she had never learned. Great people came to see her, but when she was alone she wept and prayed. The King sent messengers to inquire about her at Domremy, but time was going and Orleans was not relieved.

Joan was weary of being asked questions. One day she went to Charles and said: "Gentle Dauphin, why do you delay to believe me? I tell you that God

has taken pity on you and your people. And I will tell you, by your leave, something which will show you that you should believe me."

Then she told him secretly something which, as he said, none could know but God and himself. A few months later, in July, a man about the court wrote a letter, in which he declares that none knows what Joan told the King, but he was plainly as glad as if something had been revealed to him by the Holy Spirit. The King to whom Joan brought this wonderful message, the King whom she loved so loyally, and for whom she died, spoiled all her plans. He, with his political advisers, prevented her from driving the English quite out of France.

These favorites found their profit in dawdling and delaying, as politicians generally do. Joan had literally to goad them into action, to drag them on by constant prayers and tears. They were lazy, comfortable, cowardly, disbelieving; in their hearts they hated the Maid, who put them to so much trouble.

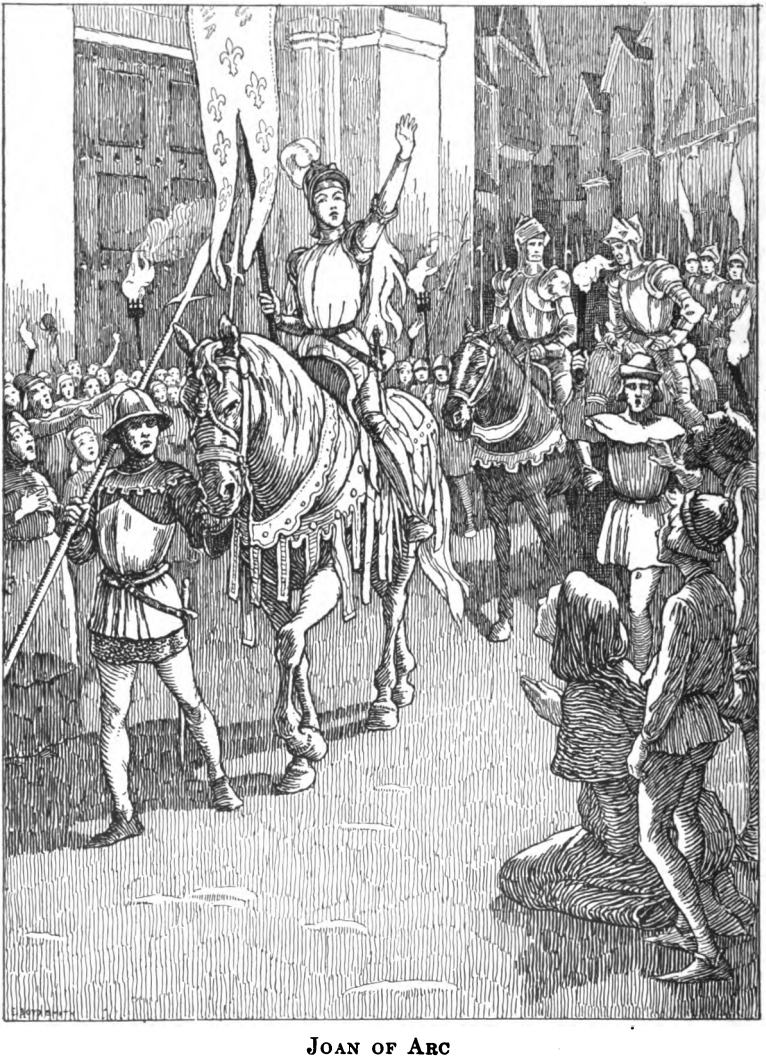
As for Charles, to whom the Maid was so loyal, had he been a man like the Black Prince, Joan would have led him into Paris before the summer was ended. "I shall only last one year and a little more," she often said to the King. The Duc d'Alençon heard her, but much of that precious year was wasted. Charles, to tell the truth, never really believed in her; he never

quite trusted her; he never led a charge by her side; and, in the end, he shamefully deserted her, and left the Maid to her doom.

The King made up his mind at last. Jean and Pierre, Joan's brothers, were to ride with her to Orleans. The King gave Joan armor and horses, and offered her a sword. But her Voices told her that behind the altar of a certain church, there was an old sword, with five crosses on the blade, buried in the earth. That sword she was to wear. A man whom Joan did not know, and had never seen, was sent from Tours, and found the sword in the place which she described. She also commanded a banner to be made, with the lilies of France on a white field. She wished to kill nobody, and said she loved her banner forty times more than her sword.

And so Joan went to war. She led, she says, ten or twelve thousand soldiers. Joan was then seventeen. This army was to defend a great convey of provisions, of which the people of Orleans stood in sore need. Since November they had been besieged by the English, and now it was late April. Joan with the army and provisions succeeded in entering the city, where the people crowded round her, blessing her, and trying to kiss her hand.

About half-past six the next morning the fight began. The French and Scottish leaped into the foss, they set ladders against the walls, they reached



JOAN OF ARC

the battlements, and were struck down by English swords and axes. Cannon balls and great stones and arrows rained on them. "Fight on!" cried the Maid, "the place is ours."

At one o'clock she set a ladder against the wall with her own hands, but was deeply wounded by an arrow, which pierced clean through between neck and shoulder. Joan wept, but seizing the arrow with her own hands she dragged it out. "Yet," says an eye-witness, "she did not withdraw from the battle, nor take any medicine for the wound; and the onslaught lasted from morning till eight at night, so that there was no hope of victory. Then I desired that the army should go back to the town, but the Maid came to me and bade me wait a little longer.

"Next she mounted her horse and rode into a vineyard, and there prayed for the space of seven minutes or eight. Then she returned, took her banner, and stood on the brink of the foss. The English trembled when they saw her, but our men returned to the charge and met with no resistance. The English fled or were slain, and we returned gladly into Orleans."

It was the English backs that the French saw the next day. Talbot's men were in full retreat. From that hour May the 8th has been kept a holiday at Orleans in honor of Joan the Maiden. Never was there such a deliverance. In a week the Maid had driven a strong

army, full of courage and well led, out of impregnable forts. But Joan not only gave the French her spirit; her extraordinary courage made the English think they were fighting a force not of this world.

After all that Joan had accomplished, the King and his advisers might have believed in her. He received her kindly, but still he did not seem eager to go to Reims. It was a dangerous adventure, for which he and his favorites had no taste.

Councils were held, and time was wasted as usual. Joan went to see him at his castle. Some nobles and clergy were with him. Joan entered, knelt, and embraced his knees.

"Noble Dauphin," she said, "do not hold so many councils, and such weary ones, but come to Reims and receive the crown."

The king asked her if she wished to speak before so many people.

Yes, she would speak. When they doubted her she prayed, and then she heard a Voice saying to her:

"Daughter of God, go on, and I will help thee."

And when she heard this voice she was right glad, and wished that she could always be as she was then. "As she spoke," they said, "she rejoiced strangely, lifting her eyes to heaven."

And still she repeated: "I will last for only one year, or little more; use me while you may."

II

Other battles were fought, and under Joan's leadership the French were everywhere victorious. The success of the Maid seemed a miracle to the world. This miracle, like all miracles, was wrought by faith. Joan believed in herself, in her country, and in God. It was not by visions and by knowing things strangely that she conquered, but by courage, by strength (on one occasion she never put off her armor for six days and six nights), and by inspiring the French with the sight of her valor. Without her visions, indeed, she would never have gone to war. She often said so. But, being at war, her word was, "Help yourselves, and God will help you." Who could be lazy or a coward when a girl set such an example?

Yet the King of France loitered about the castles with his favorites and his adviser, the Archbishop of Reims. They wasted the one year of Joan. At last, with difficulty, Charles was brought to visit Reims, and to consent to be crowned like his ancestors. He was crowned and anointed with the Holy Oil. The Twelve Peers of France were not all present — some were on the English side — but Joan stood by Charles, her banner in her hand. "It bore the brunt, and deserved to share the renown," she said later to her accusers.

When the ceremony was ended and the Dauphin Charles was crowned and anointed King, the Maid knelt weeping at his feet.

"Gentle King," she said, "now is accomplished the will of God, who desired that you should come to Reims to be consecrated, and to prove that you are the true King and that the kingdom is yours."

Then all the knights wept for joy.

The King bade Joan choose her reward. Already horses, rich armor, jeweled daggers had been given to her. These, adding to the beauty and the glory of her aspect, had made men follow her more gladly, and for that she valued them. She, too, made gifts to noble ladies, and gave much to the poor. She only wanted money to wage the war with, not for herself. Her family was made noble; on its shield, between two lilies, a sword upholds the crown. Her father was at Reims, and saw her in her glory. What reward, then, was Joan to choose? She chose nothing for herself, but that her native village of Domremy should be free from taxes. The news her father carried home from the splendid scene at Reims.

"Would to God, my Maker," said Joan, "that I might now depart and lay down my arms, and help my father and mother, and keep their sheep with my brothers and sisters, who would rejoice to see me."

Would that we could leave the Maiden here, with

Orleans saved, and her king crowned! Would that she, who wept when her saints left her in her visions, and who longed to follow them, could have been carried by them to their paradise!

In the end, the politicians triumphed. They thwarted the Maid; they made her promise to take Paris of no avail. They destroyed the confidence of men in the banner that had never gone back. Now they might take their ease. The Maid had failed, by their design, and by their cowardice. The treachery that she, who feared nothing else, had long dreaded, was accomplished. While fighting bravely, she was taken prisoner by the English.

The sad story that is still to tell shall be shortly told. There is no word nor deed of the Maid's in captivity as in victory, that is not to her immortal honor. But the sight of the wickedness of men, their cowardice, cruelty, greed, ingratitude, is not a thing to linger over.

About her trial and death, I have not the heart to write a long story. The whole object of the trial was to prove that she dealt with powers of evil, and that her king had been crowned and aided by the devil. All through her trial her Voices bade her "answer boldly," in three months she would give her last answer, in three months "she would be free with great victory, and come into the Kingdom of Paradise." In three

months from the first day of her trial she went free through the gate of fire. Boldly she answered, and wisely.

Enough. They burned Joan the Maid. Even the English wept, even a secretary of the English king said that they had burned a saint. But it profited the English not at all. "Though they ceased not to be brave," says Patrick Abercromby, a Scot, "yet they were almost on all occasions defeated, and within the short space of twenty-two years lost not only all the conquests made by them in little less than a hundred, but also the inheritance which they had enjoyed for above three centuries."

Adapted from ANDREW LANG: *The Red True Story Book.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. When was Joan of Arc born? Where? 2. What did she and the other children do at the fairy tree and the fairy well? 3. What sort of child was Joan? 4. Tell of the Voice which she heard? 5. What was the trouble with France at that time? 6. What prophecy seemed to point to Joan? 7. What did the Voices say? 8. Tell of Joan's first interview with Robert de Baudricourt? 9. Who did Joan believe was her master? 10. What was the result of Joan's second interview with de Baudricourt? 11. How was Joan dressed for her journey to the Dauphin? 12. Who went with her? 13. Why was the journey dangerous? 14. How did Joan persuade the Dauphin that she had power from God? 15. How did the Dauphin and his great

nobles support Joan? 16. Where did she get sword and banner? 17. Tell how Joan rescued Orleans from the English besiegers? 18. Why did she wish the Dauphin to go to Reims?

II. 1. What was the outcome of Joan's leadership? 2. What qualities did Joan show? 3. What took place at Reims? 4. What reward did Joan choose for herself? 5. What did she most desire? 6. What did the politicians do? 7. Of what did the English accuse Joan? 8. How did she die? 9. What had she accomplished? 10. What does the world to-day think of Joan the Maid? 11. What qualities do you admire most in Joan? 12. What other women have been famous in history?

For Study with the Glossary: Domrémy (don-rā-mē′), Dauphin (dō-făn′), Baudricourt (bō-drĭ-kour′), Reims or Rheims (rēmz, or in French, răns), Chinon (shē-non′), Duc D'Alençon (d'ä-lon-sôn′), Orleans (or′-lē-anz, or in French, or-lā-on′), Tours (tour). Lent, doublet, surcoat, succor, foss, impregnable, brunt, thwarted.

Jeanne d'Arc (jän därk) is the French name which we translate into English as Joan of Arc. La Pucelle (lä-pü-sel′) is French for "the Maid." It is not easy to represent French pronunciation by English sounds. You will notice that final s and t are usually not sounded in French, and that the accent is on the last syllable of a word. Pronounce the French words clearly. Mumbling is the worst sort of mispronouncing.

Review Questions. Nearly every selection in this reader is about a hero or heroine. Look over the titles of those that you have read, and select the heroes. Who were heroic because of great bravery? Who, because of great sacrifice? What nations are represented on this list of heroes? Keep a look-out for heroes in the later selections.

THE BELL OF ATRI

This and the three following selections tell stories of animals, two of horses and two of dogs. The stories take us again into far countries and different times, for dogs and horses have been among the best friends of man for hundreds of years and over the whole earth. In this story we are taken to a little town, Atri (ä'trē), built on a mountain side in Italy, and to a time when there were knights and horses, but no gunpowder or automobiles.

The poem is taken from Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, a volume which includes "Paul Revere's Ride," printed on p. 202, and the "Birds of Killingworth," another story about animals that you will like to read.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of these little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may," —
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong

Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts; —
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,

Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung,

Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;

And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where is Atri? 2. What king placed the bell in the market place? 3. What proclamation was made about the bell? 4. What happened to the bell-rope? 5. Tell what you can about the knight. 6. Why did he neglect his favorite horse? 7. What did the knight finally do to the horse? 8. What awoke the town one hot summer afternooon? 9. What did the Syndic discover? 10. What did the Syndic decree? 11. What did King John say? 12. Why should we be kind to dumb animals?

13. In the first paragraph of the poem, how is the town described? 14. Can you make a picture of it? What is meant by a votive garland at a shrine? 15. Where have you heard of falcons before? 16. Why is the bell said to be accusing? 17. What is meant by the line, "Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds"?

18. Tell what you know of the life of Longfellow. 19. What poems of his have you read? 20. What poems of his are in this book? 21. What resemblances are there between this poem and Scott's "Hunting Song" (p. 40)? 22. What stories have you ever heard about horses? 23. Give as many reasons as you can why we should be kind to dumb animals.

For Study with the Glossary: Atri (ä'trē), Abruzzo (ab-rūz'-zo), Re Giovanni (rā-jo-vän'-ni, King John), Domeneddio, Syndic, hemper, tendrils, votive, shrine, falcons, prodigalities, provender, sultry, accusing, donned, reiterating, half-articulate, jargon, arcade, gesticulation, decree, abashed.

HOW BUCK SAVED HIS MASTER

Buck was a California dog that had been stolen from his master at the time when gold was discovered in Alaska. When he had been nearly worked and starved to death, John Thornton saved him from a cruel master and nursed him back to life.

It was at Circle City, before the year was out, that Pete's fears were realized. "Black" Burton, a man of evil temper, had been picking a quarrel with a tenderfoot at the bar, when Thornton stepped good-naturedly between. Buck, as was his custom, was lying in a corner, head on paws, watching his master's every action. Burton struck out, without warning, straight from the shoulder. Thornton was sent spinning, and saved himself from falling only by clutching the rail of the bar.

Those who were looking on heard what was neither bark nor yelp, but a something which is best described as a roar, and they saw Buck's body rise up in the air

as he left the floor to fly at Burton's throat. The man saved his life by instinctively throwing up his arm, but was hurled backward to the floor with Buck on top of him. Buck loosed his teeth from the flesh of the arm, and drove in again for the throat. This time the man succeeded only in partly blocking him, and his throat was torn open. Then the crowd was upon Buck, and he was driven off; but while a surgeon checked the bleeding, he prowled up and down, growling furiously, attempting to rush in, and being forced back by a row of clubs. A "miners' meeting," called on the spot, decided that the dog had done right, and Buck was discharged. But his reputation was made, and from that day his name spread through every camp in Alaska.

Later on, in the fall of the year, he saved John Thornton's life in quite another fashion. The three partners were lining a long and narrow poling boat down a bad stretch of rapids on the Forty-mile Creek. Hans and Pete moved along the bank, snubbing with a thin Manila rope from tree to tree, while Thornton remained in the boat, helping its descent by means of a pole, and shouting directions to the shore. Buck, on the bank, worried and anxious, kept abreast of the boat, his eyes never off his master.

At a particularly bad spot, where a ledge of barely covered rocks jutted out into the river, Hans cast off the rope, and, while Thornton poled the boat out into

the stream, ran down the bank with the end in his hand to snub the boat when it had cleared the ledge. This it did, and was flying downstream in a current as swift as a mill race, when Hans checked it with the rope and checked too suddenly. The boat turned over and snubbed into the bank bottom up, while Thornton, flung sheer out of it, was carried downstream toward the worst part of the rapids, a stretch of wild water in which no swimmer could live.

Buck had sprung in on the instant; and at the end of three hundred yards, amid a mad swirl of water, he overtook Thornton. When he felt him grasp his tail, Buck headed for the bank, swimming with all his splendid strength. But the progress toward the shore was slow; the progress downstream amazingly rapid. From below came the fatal roaring where the wild current grew wilder and was rent in threads and spray by the rocks which thrust through like the teeth of an enormous comb. The suck of the water as it took the beginning of the last steep pitch was frightful, and Thornton knew that to reach the shore was impossible. He scraped furiously over a rock, bruised across a second, and struck a third with crushing force. He clutched its slippery top with both hands, releasing Buck, and above the roar of the churning water shouted, "Go, Buck! Go!"

Buck could not hold his own, and swept on down-

stream, struggling desperately, but unable to get back. When he heard Thornton's command repeated, he partly reared out of the water, throwing his head high as though for a last look, then, turning, obediently swam toward the bank. He swam powerfully, and was dragged ashore by Pete and Hans at the very point where swimming ceased to be possible and destruction began.

They knew that the time a man could cling to a slippery rock in the face of that driving current was a matter of minutes, and they ran as fast as they could up the bank to a point far above where Thornton was hanging on. They attached the line with which they had been snubbing the boat to Buck's neck and shoulders, being careful that it should neither strangle him nor interfere with his swimming, and launched him in the stream. He struck out boldly, but not straight enough into the stream. He discovered the mistake too late, when Thornton was abreast of him and a bare half-dozen strokes away, while he was being carried helplessly past.

Hans promptly snubbed with the rope, as though Buck were a boat. The rope thus tightened on him in the sweep of the current, he was jerked under the surface, and under the surface he remained till his body struck against the bank and he was hauled out. He was half drowned, and Hans and Pete threw themselves

upon him, pounding the breath into him and the water out of him. He staggered to his feet and fell down. The faint sound of Thornton's voice came to them, and though they could not make out the words of it, they knew that he was near the end of his strength. His master's voice acted on Buck like an electric shock. He sprang to his feet and ran up the bank ahead of the men to the point from which he had first started.

Again the rope was attached and he was launched, and again he struck out, but this time straight into the stream. He had made a mistake once, but he would not be guilty of it a second time. Hans paid out the rope, permitting no slack, while Pete kept it clear of coils. Buck held on till he was on a line straight above Thornton; then he turned, and, with the speed of an express train, headed down upon him. Thornton saw him coming, and, as Buck struck him like a battering-ram, with the whole force of the current behind him, he reached up and closed with both arms around the shaggy neck. Hans snubbed the rope around the tree, and Buck and Thornton were jerked under the water. Strangling, suffocating, sometimes one uppermost and sometimes the other, dragging over the jagged bottom, smashing against rocks and snags, they veered in to the bank.

Thornton came to, face downward, and being violently rolled back and forth across a drift log by Hans

and Pete. His first glance was for Buck, over whose limp and apparently lifeless body Nig was setting up a howl, while Skeet was licking the wet face and closed eyes. Thornton was himself bruised and battered; but he went carefully over Buck's body, when he had been brought around, and found three broken ribs.

Adapted from JACK LONDON: *The Call of the Wild.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. This selection tells two occasions on which Buck saved his master; what were they? (*First*) 2. Who was Thornton? Black Burton? 3. Why did Thornton interfere with Burton? 4. What did Burton do? 5. What did Buck do? 6. What did the miners' meeting do? (*Second*) 7. What were Thornton and his partners doing on Forty-Mile Creek? 8. Where was Buck? 9. What accident happened to Thornton? 10. Describe Buck's first unsuccessful attempt to rescue his master. 11. Where was Thornton left? 12. Describe Buck's second unsuccessful attempt, this time with the rope. 13. Describe his third successful attempt. 14. Describe the scene on the river's bank when Thornton and Buck had recovered consciousness.

15. What would you have said at the miners' meeting in defense of Buck? 16. Shall you put Buck on your list of heroes? Why?

For Study with the Glossary: tenderfoot, instinctively, suffocate, snubbing, jutted, veered.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be,
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

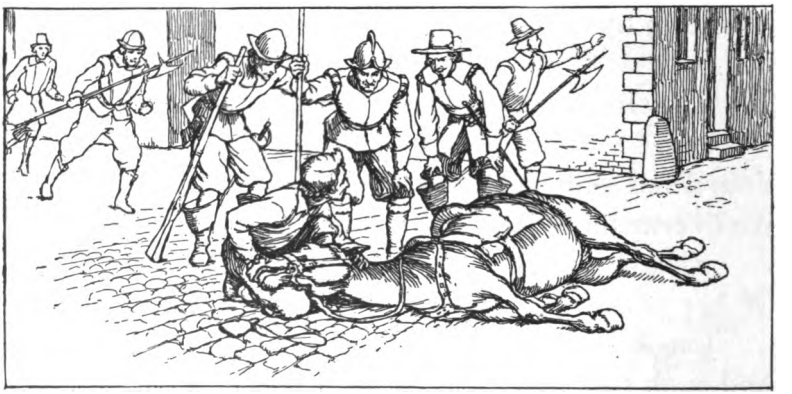
And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff,

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye sockets' rim.



Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Find Ghent and Aix la Chapelle on your map. 2. How many riders started from Ghent? 3. At what town did they start? 4. Who is supposed to be speaking in the poem? 5. Why does he say, "I saw my stout galloper, Roland, *at last*"? 6. Which horse was the first to give out? 7. About how long did the ride last? 8. What lines in the poem show the writer's affection for Roland? 9. The rhythm often suggests the galloping of horses. In what passage is this suggestion most marked?

For Study with the Glossary: *Proper Names:* Ghent (gĕnt), Aix (āks), Joris (yō'ris), Dirck, Roland (rō'land), Boom (bōm), Düffeld (dēf'elt), Mecheln (mĕk'ĕln), Aershot (är'skot), Hasselt, (hăs'selt), Roos (rōs), Looz (lōz), Tongres (tongr), Dalhem (dal'hem).

Other Words: postern, girths, pique (pēk, point of the saddle), askance, spume (foam), aye and anon (time after time), burgesses, holster.

RAB

I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled and gray like granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body was thick-set, like a little bull, — a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds weight, at the least; he had a large, blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mount blacker than any night, a tooth or two — being all he had — gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's; the remaining eye had the power of two, and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, — if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long, — the mobility, the instantaneousness, of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and, having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius

Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity of all great fighters.

You must have observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller. The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, somber, honest countenance, the same deep inevitable eye, the same look, — as of thunder asleep, but ready, — neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

JOHN BROWN: *Rab and His Friends.*

HELPS TO STUDY

DR. JOHN BROWN, a Scotch physician, was the author of *Rab and His Friends*, the best-known book about a dog.

Read the description through and then see what you remember about Rab's color, hair, weight, head, teeth, ears, tail. With what persons is Rab compared? What do you know of Hercules? Julius Cæsar? the Duke of Wellington?

Review Questions. The last four selections have been about animals. Would you call any of them heroic? Where else in the Reader do you find a description of a famous horse? What other famous rides have you heard of besides that from Ghent to Aix? Do you know any good stories about cats? What do you think of boys or girls who are cruel to dumb animals?

For Study with the Glossary: mount, cropped, mobility, instantaneousness, intercommunications, menacing, combative, inevitable eye.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

During the Revolutionary War, General Francis Marion, with a small band of cavalry, was long a thorn in the side of the British, who had defeated our main forces and held the Southern states in their power. His troop would escape pursuit in the forests and swamps; and their adventurous attacks and retreats gained their leader the name of the Swamp Fox.

Our band is few but true and tried,
  Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
  When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
  Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
  As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,

Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Who is supposed to be speaking? 2. What is the "band" mentioned in the first line? 3. Who was Marion? 4. What sort of fortress did he have? 5. Why was it an advantage for Marion's men to know the forest "as seamen know the sea"? 6. What do you learn from the second stanza about Marion's method of attack? 7. What is the third stanza about? 8. Explain the line "As if a hunt were up." 9. Can you connect this line with another poem in the Reader? 10. Find three references to the wind. 11. Explain the meaning of each.

For Study with the Glossary: glades, deem, morass, barb, Santee, hoary.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878) should be well known to the boys and girls through his poems "Planting of the Apple Tree," "Robert of Lincoln," "The Death of the Flowers," "March," "To the Fringed Gentian," and "To a Waterfowl." For many years he was editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and he wrote poetical translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey, as well as many original poems. Through the aid of his friend, Washington Irving, his poems were published in England. But it was thought best in that edition to change the line "The British soldier trembles" to "The foeman trembles in his camp."

Bryant was born while Washington was president, and his first poem was published when he was only thirteen, during the presidency of Thomas Jefferson. His long life extended into President Hayes's term of office. He was not only an editor and poet, but also a great citizen. For fifty years a resident of New York City, he was a leader in all good causes. The park adjoining the great public library in New York has been named Bryant Park, and a monument erected there in his honor.

BRYANT

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

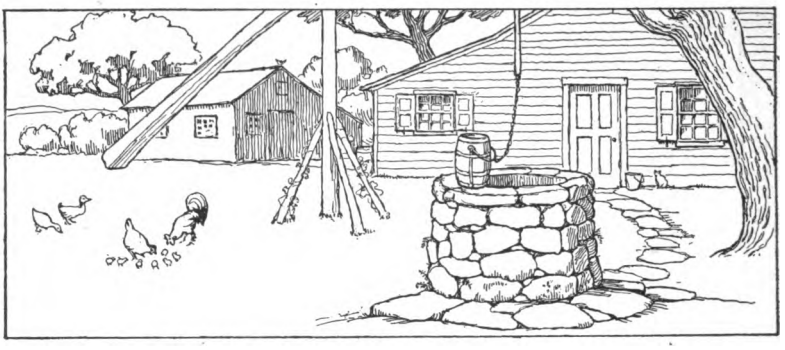
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How do we honor the graves of our soldiers? 2. What day is set apart for this purpose? 3. Why is the springtime chosen? 4. Is this poem appropriate for our Memorial Day? 5. What American soldiers have you read about in this book? 6. Do you think Honor and Freedom visit their graves? 7. Why should we keep alive the memories of the brave?



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What scenes of his childhood does the poet mention in the first stanza? 2. What adjectives are used to describe the bucket? 3. When did he find the greatest pleasure in the old oaken bucket? 4. What does the poet say is the "emblem of truth"? 5. What does he mean by a "full blushing goblet"? 6. Did you ever see a well with a moss-covered bucket?

For Study with the Glossary: tangled wildwood, cataract, infancy, cot, exquisite, poised, nectar, Jupiter, intrusively, reverts.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

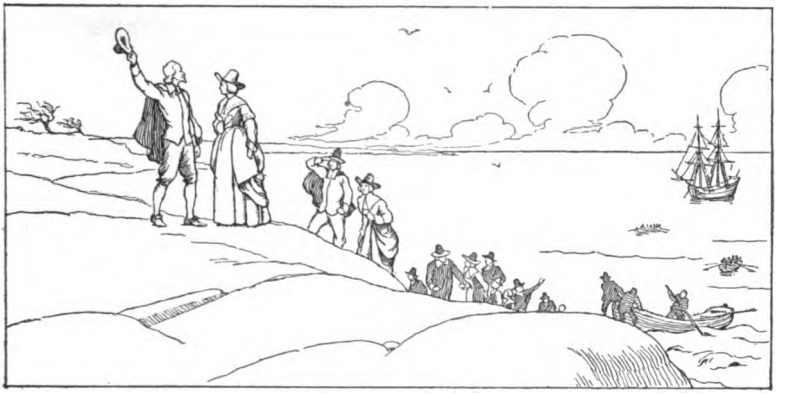
Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

WALTER SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What is patriotism? 2. Why is the man without love for his native land said to be "concentered all in self"? 3. What men and women have you read about in this book who showed their love for their country? 4. What others have you heard of whose patriotism has been sung and honored?

For Study with the Glossary: strand, minstrel, raptures, pelf, concentered.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that speaks of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear;

They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pine of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas; the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Describe in your own words the picture made in your mind by the first two stanzas. 2. What sounds do you hear in the remaining stanzas? 3. What did the Pilgrims seek in America? 4. Read the line that answers this question. 5. Read the line that tells what they found here. 6. Do you know of any other poems by Mrs. Hemans?

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides:
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

So through the night rode Paul Revere.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,

Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HELPS TO STUDY

Read the entire poem through before trying to answer any of the following questions.

1. When did the ride take place? 2. At the beginning of what war? 3. Where did the ride start from? 4. Where did it end? 5. Trace the ride on your map. 6. What was the purpose of the ride? 7. Where is the Old North Church? 8. How is its graveyard described? 9. What was the "line of black" that the watcher in the belfry saw? 10. Explain the line, "The fate of a nation was riding that night." 11. What do the next two lines mean? 12. What message did Paul Revere bear? 13. Describe the battles of Lexington and Concord. 14. What does the poet mean when he says the public will always hear the midnight message of Paul Revere? 15. Explain "a phantom ship," "a spark struck out by a steed."

For Study with the Glossary: magnified, barrack, grenadiers, phantom, somber, impetuous, spectral, glimmer, tranquil, aghast, emerge.

THE THEATER IN OUR BARN

"Now, boys, what shall we do?" I asked, addressing a thoughtful conclave of seven, assembled in our barn one dismal, rainy afternoon.

"Let's have a theater," suggested Binny Wallace.

The very thing! But where? The loft of the stable was ready to burst with hay provided for Gypsy, but the long room over the carriage-house was unoccupied. The place of all places! My managerial eye saw at a glance its capabilities for a theater. I had been to the play a great many times in New Orleans, and was wise in matters pertaining to the drama. So here, in due time, was set up some extraordinary scenery of my own painting.

The curtain, I recollect, though it worked smoothly enough on other occasions, invariably hitched during the performances; and it often required the united energies of the Prince of Denmark, the King, and the Grave-digger, with an occasional hand from "the fair Ophelia" (Pepper Whitcomb in a low-necked dress), to hoist that bit of green cambric.

The theater, however, was a success, so far as it went. I retired from the business with no fewer than fifteen hundred pins, after deducting the headless, the pointless, and the crooked pins with which our doorkeeper

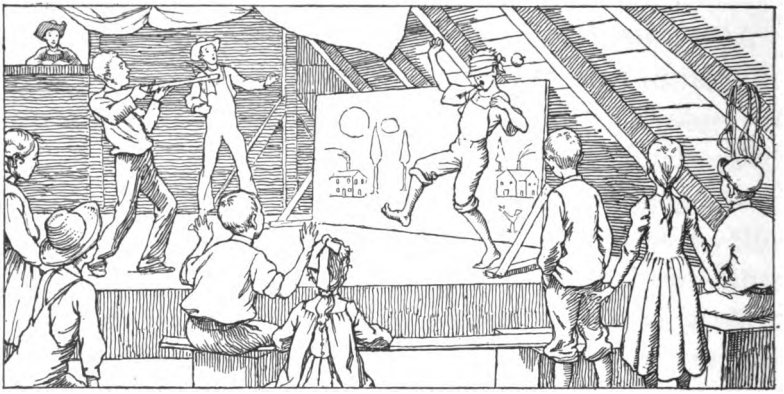
frequently got "stuck." From first to last we took in a good deal of this counterfeit money. The price of admission to the "Rivermouth Theater" was twenty pins. I played all the principal parts myself — not that I was a finer actor than the other boys, but because I owned the establishment.

At the tenth representation, my dramatic career was brought to a close by an unfortunate circumstance. We were playing the drama of William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland. Of course I was William Tell, in spite of Fred Langdon, who wanted to act that character himself. I would not let him, so he withdrew from the company, taking the only bow and arrow we had. I made a crossbow out of a piece of whalebone, and did very well without him.

We had reached that exciting scene where Gessler, the Austrian tyrant, commands Tell to shoot the apple from his son's head. Pepper Whitcomb, who played all the juvenile and women parts, was my son. To guard against mischance, a piece of pasteboard was fastened by a handkerchief over the upper portion of Whitcomb's face, while the arrow to be used was sewed up in a strip of flannel. I was a capital marksman, and the big apple, only two yards distant, turned its russet cheek fairly towards me.

I can see poor little Pepper now, as he stood without flinching, waiting for me to perform my great feat. I

raised the crossbow amid the breathless silence of the crowded audience — consisting of seven boys and three girls, exclusive of Kitty Collins, who insisted on paying her way in with a clothespin. I raised the crossbow, I repeat. Twang! went the whipcord; but, alas!



instead of hitting the apple, the arrow flew right into Pepper Whitcomb's mouth, which happened to be open at the time, and destroyed my aim.

I shall never be able to banish that awful moment from my memory. Pepper's roar, expressive of astonishment, indignation, and pain, is still ringing in my ears. I looked upon him as a corpse, and, glancing not far into the dreary future, pictured myself led forth to execution in the presence of the very same spectators then assembled.

Luckily poor Pepper was not seriously hurt; but

Grandfather Nutter, appearing in the midst of the confusion (attracted by the howls of young Tell), issued an injunction against all theatricals hereafter, and the place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this would have been the proudest moment of my life if I had not hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried "Hear! hear!" I then attributed the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH: *The Story of a Bad Boy.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where did the boys have their theater? In what play does the Prince of Denmark occur? the "fair Ophelia"? 2. Where have you heard of the drama, "William Tell"? 3. Who was Gessler, the Austrian tyrant? 4. What are juvenile parts in the drama? 5. Tell about Tom Bailey's farewell speech at the closing of the theater.

For Study with the Glossary: conclave, managerial, extraordinary, invariably, deducting, establishment, circumstance, juvenile, injunction, mischance, attributed, maelstrom.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

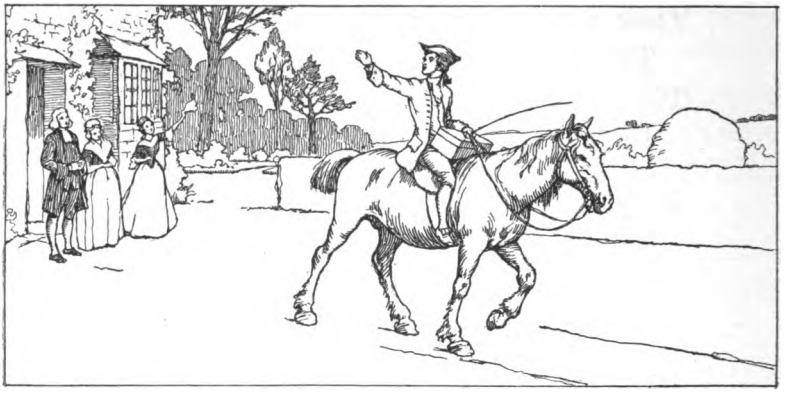
And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. At what time of day is the Children's Hour? 2. Why is the study spoken of as a castle? 3. Who make up the attacking army? 4. Who captured the Mouse-Tower of the Bishop of Bingen? 5. How is the attacking army captured? 6. Into what sort of dungeon are the prisoners placed?

For Study with the Glossary: lower, banditti, old moustache, dungeon, round-tower, moulder.



MOSES GOES TO THE FAIR

The Vicar of Wakefield is a famous novel in which a clergyman tells of the experiences of his family after they had passed from wealth to poverty. They were such simple, kindly people that they were often deceived by unscrupulous persons, but in the end they all found the happiness that they deserved.

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife suggested that it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had

intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage. You know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

He had on a coat made of that cloth they call "thunder and lightning," which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling-green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

. . . . . .

I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he

knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. — But as I live, yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds, five shillings, and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt,

and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them at a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be in no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What," cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"Oh! The stupid boy," returned she, "to bring me such stuff. If I had them, I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper who had marked him for an easy prey. I, therefore, asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. And so at last I was persuaded to buy them."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What members of the family are mentioned? 2. How do they regard Moses? 3. How was Moses dressed for the fair? 4. How was Moses tricked? 5. Describe his reception when he came home. 6. What do you suppose his sisters said? 7. Tell how you once came home with a bad bargain. 8. What else have you read by Oliver Goldsmith?

For Study with the Glossary: antagonist, discreet, deal box, pounds, shillings, pence, gross, shagreen, gosling-green, paltry, murrain, trumpery, prowling sharper, pretense, Vicar (vĭk'-er).

"Sell a hen on a rainy day." "Thunder and lightning cloth."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Few heroes of story books had as interesting a life as OLIVER GOLDSMITH, the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield.* At college he was very poor and often had to pawn his books or clothes, but he must have been a very lovable boy. One winter night he carried a poor man, whom he found ill in the street, to his room and covered the stranger with the blankets from his bed. As these were the only covers Goldsmith had, he crawled into the straw of the mattress and slept there. He was a happy-go-lucky sort of boy, generous to a fault, but very careless of his future. After he had graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, he found no regular employment, but finally his relatives provided him with a horse and £30 to seek his fortune. He sold his horse to pay for a passage to America, then missed the ship, lost his money, and came back home without a penny, and with a very sorry looking horse that he had borrowed. He must have had his own experiences in mind when he wrote of Moses at the Fair.

He studied medicine at Edinburgh, and then wandered for several years over Europe, earning his food and lodging by playing the flute for the peasants to dance, and studying now and then at the universities. When he returned to England he was so poor that he carried his hat carefully in order to conceal a patch on his coat. But he soon found a way to earn a living by his pen, writing books of all sorts and kinds, including some of the first story books ever written for children. He worked very hard,

GOLDSMITH

but as soon as he had any money he spent it, often for fine clothes, scarlet and purple breeches, or plum-colored coats. However, his industry told, and his great gifts as a writer of prose and verse brought him the friendship of many famous men.

One of these friends, Dr. Johnson, came to his aid in a very important bargain. Goldsmith was in great distress because he could not pay his rent and had been arrested by the landlady. But Johnson came to his lodgings and found that he had just finished writing a novel, the *Vicar of Wakefield.* Dr. Johnson hurried off with it to a publisher, sold it for £60 and brought back the money so that Goldsmith could pay his rent. The work was very popular, and Goldsmith's fame was established. The two poems, the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village* (see selection, p. 17), and his comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, are the best known of his other writings.

After he was famous he remained the same happy-go-lucky Goldsmith as before. He still overdressed in very bright clothes, spent his money foolishly, and made many Irish bulls. It was said of him, "He wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." But he also said many wise and clever things, as when he said of Dr. Johnson, that if *he* tried to write about little fishes he would make them talk like whales — for the good Doctor was overfond of very long words. Few men were more widely known or more beloved than Goldsmith. When he died, hundreds of the poor of the neighborhood came weeping to the funeral of the man who had often befriended them.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A Child's Story

(Written for, and inscribed to, W. M. the Younger.)

Macready the actor's eldest son, when a child, was confined to the house by illness, and Browning wrote this poem to amuse the child and give him a subject for illustrative drawings.

I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!

. . . . . .

Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:

. . . . . .

"Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap

At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
. . . . . .
"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
. . . . . .
He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh, rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

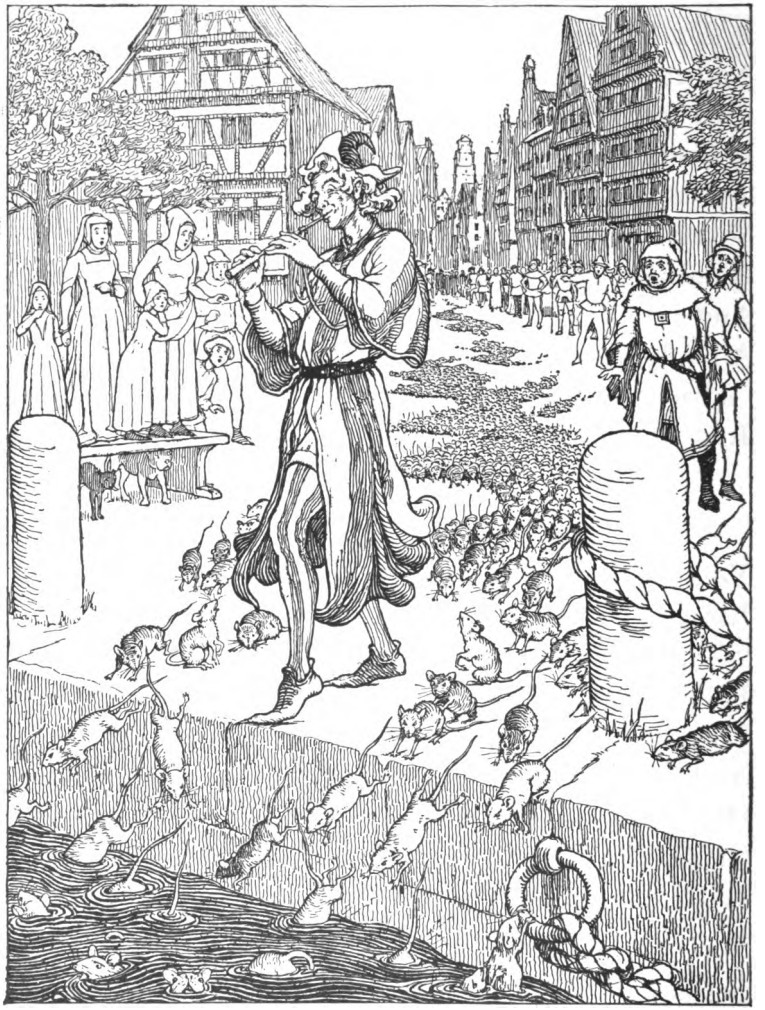
VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

. . . . . .



"AND OUT OF THE HOUSES THE RATS CAME TUMBLING."

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, . . .

. . . . . .

And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?

You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry

To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas! for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text, which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin Town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

Abridged from ROBERT BROWNING.

HELPS TO STUDY

The poem should amuse you as it has amused thousands of children since Master William Macready first read its rollicking lines. We hear later of a children's party in Rome at which Browning and Hans Christian Andersen were present, when the latter acted out the Pied Piper to the delight of every one. It is scarcely worth while to worry much over the fate of the children or the sorrow of the parents, for this is a fairy story. But it is well to remember the moral: let us keep our promises.

1. Find Hamelin and the Weser River on your map. 2. What complaints did the people make to the mayor? 3. Describe the mayor's strange visitor. 4. What offer did the Pied Piper make? 5. In what respect was the rat like Julius Cæsar? 6. What did he repeat to Rat-land? 7. Find the cat and dog in the picture on page 228. 8. How was the Pied Piper rewarded for his services? 9. How did he pay back the citizens of Hamelin? 10. Where did the piper lead the children? 11. Describe the vision of the lame boy. 12. How was the piper remembered in Hamelin? 13. Where is Transylvania. 14. What happened there? 15. Who is "Willy" in the last stanza? 16. What lesson is taught by this poem?

For Study with the Glossary: Pied, ditty, vermin, sprats, noddy, Corporation, ermine, consternation, tuft, kith, kin, newt, Cham, Nizam, vampire, psaltery, nuncheon, puncheon, ribald, vesture, piebald, postal, subterraneous, trepanned.

ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING was born in 1812. As a child he was fond of pets, and had enough of them to make a menagerie, including monkeys, magpies, hedgehogs, eagles, and snakes. He was a great reader, and very early began to make rhymes. He never lost a sort of boyish liking for odd rhymes, and as a man used to challenge any one to name a word that he could not find a rhyme for. In the "Pied Piper" you will notice that he finds a host of rhymes for such words as piper and guilders. Sometimes he has to twist the pronunciation of a word, as when he rhymes promise with mice. But the unexpected rhymes add to the amusement of the readers.

Browning became one of the greatest of English poets, noble in

BROWNING

thought and original in expression. He married Elizabeth Barrett, herself a rarely gifted poet, and on account of her health, they lived for years in Italy. Browning outlived his wife by more than a score of years, and did not die until 1889.

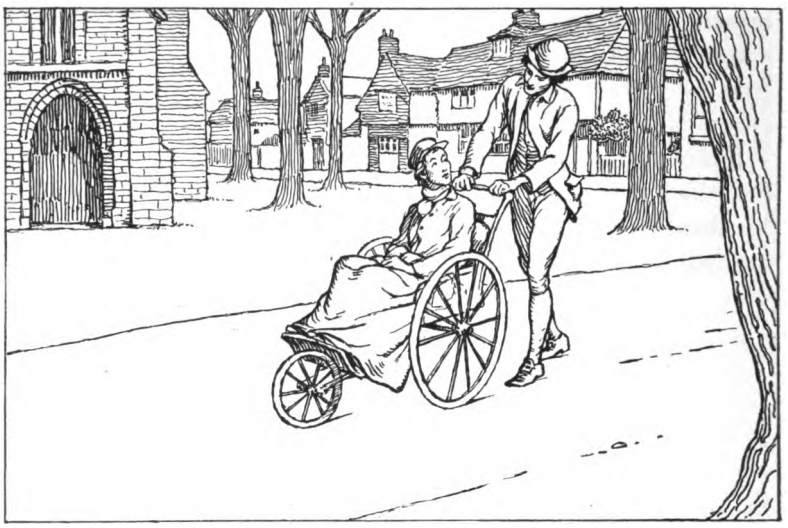
Many of Browning's poems are difficult reading, but there are a few which every boy and girl should know: "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" (p. 184), "Hervé Riel," "An Incident of the French Camp," and the "Pied Piper."

INGRATITUDE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
  As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
  Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
  As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
  As friend remembered not.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



JOHN HALIFAX

"Get out o' Mr. Fletcher's road, ye idle, lounging, little —" "Vagabond," I think the woman (Sally Watkins, once my nurse), was going to say, but she changed her mind.

My father and I both glanced around surprised, but when the lad addressed turned, fixed his eyes on each of us for a moment, and made way for us, we ceased to wonder. Ragged, muddy, and miserable as he was, the poor boy looked anything but a vagabond.

"Thee need not go into the wet, my lad. Keep close to the wall, and there will be shelter enough both

for us and thee," said my father, as he pulled my little hand-carriage into the alley, under cover from the pelting rain. The lad, with a grateful look, put out a hand likewise, and pushed me farther in. A strong hand it was — roughened and browned with labor — though he was scarcely as old as I. What would I not have given to have been so stalwart and so tall!

Sally called from her house door, "Wouldn't Master Phineas come in and sit by the fire a bit?" But it was always a trouble to me to move, or walk; and I liked staying at the mouth of the alley, watching the autumnal shower come sweeping down the street; besides, I wanted to look again at the stranger-lad.

He had scarcely stirred, but remained leaning against the wall — either through weariness, or in order to be out of our way. He took little or no notice of us, but kept his eyes fixed on the pavement — watching the eddying raindrops, which, each as it fell, threw up a little mist of spray. It was a serious, haggard face for a boy of only fourteen or so.

Brown eyes, deep-sunken, with strongly-marked brows, a nose like most other Saxon noses, nothing particular; lips well-shaped, lying one upon the other, firm and close; a square, sharply outlined, resolute chin, of that type which gives character and determination to the whole countenance and without which, in

the fairest features, as in the best dispositions, one is always conscious of a certain want.

As I have stated, in person the lad was tall and strongly built; and I, poor puny wretch! so reverenced physical strength. Everything in him seemed to indicate that which I had not: his muscular limbs, his square, broad shoulders, his healthy cheek, though it was sharp and thin — even his crisp curls of bright thick hair.

"The rain will be over soon," I said, but doubted if he heard me. What could he be thinking of so intently? — a poor working lad, whom few would have given credit for thinking at all.

My father pulled out his great silver watch — the dread of our house, for it was a watch which seemed to have imbibed something of its master's character; remorseless as justice or fate, it never erred a moment.

"Twenty-three minutes lost by this shower. Phineas, my son, how am I to get thee safe home? Unless thee wilt go with me to the tan-yard —"

I shook my head. It was very hard for Abel Fletcher to have for his only child such a sickly creature as I, now at sixteen as helpless and useless to him as a baby.

"Well, well, I must find some one to go home with thee." For though my father had got me a sort of carriage, in which, with a little external aid, I could propel myself, so as to be his companion occasionally

in his walks between our house, the tan-yard and the Friends' meeting-house — still, he never trusted me anywhere alone. "Here, Sally, — Sally Watkins! do any o' thy lads want to earn an honest penny?"

Sally was out of earshot; but I noticed that as the lad near us heard my father's words, the color rushed over his face, and he started forward involuntarily. I had not before perceived how wasted and hungry-looking he was.

"Father!" I whispered. But here the boy had mustered up his courage and voice.

"Sir, I want work; may I earn a penny?"

He spoke in tolerably good English, and taking off his tattered old cap, looked right up into my father's face. The old man scanned him closely.

"What is thy name, lad?"

"John Halifax."

"Where dost thee come from?"

"Cornwall."

"Hast thee any parents living?"

"No."

I wished my father would not question thus; but possibly he had his own motives, which were rarely harsh, though his actions often appeared so.

"How old might thee be, John Halifax?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"Thee art used to work?"

"Yes."

"What sort of work?"

"Anything that I can get to do."

I listened nervously to this catechism, which went on behind my back.

"Well," said my father, after a pause, "thee shall take my son home, and I'll give thee a groat. Let me see; — art thee a lad to be trusted?" And holding him at arm's length, regarding him meanwhile with eyes that were the terror of all the rogues in Norton Bury, Abel Fletcher jingled temptingly the silver money in the pockets of his long flapped brown waistcoat. "I say, art thee a lad to be trusted?"

John Halifax neither answered nor declined his eyes. He seemed to feel that this was a critical moment, and to have gathered all his mental forces into a serried square, to meet the attack. He met it, and conquered in silence.

"Lad, shall I give thee the groat now?"

"Not till I've earned it, sir."

So, drawing his hand back, my father slipped the money into mine, and left us.

It still rained slightly, so we remained under cover. John Halifax leaned in his old place, and did not attempt to talk.

Once only, when the draft through the alley made me shiver, he pulled my cloak around me carefully.

"You are not very strong, I'm afraid?"

"No."

Then he stood idly looking up at the opposite — the mayor's — house, with its steps and portico, and its fourteen windows, one of which was open, and a cluster of little heads visible there.

The mayor's children seemed greatly amused by watching us shivering shelterers from the rain. Doubtless our position made their own appear all the pleasanter. For myself, it mattered little; but for this poor, desolate, homeless, wayfaring lad to stand in sight of their merry nursery window, and hear the clatter of voices, and of not unwelcome dinner sounds — I wondered how he felt it.

Just at this moment another head came to the window, a somewhat older child; I had met her with the rest; she was only a visitor. She looked at us, then disappeared. Soon after, we saw the front door half opened, and an evident struggle taking place behind it; we even heard loud words across the narrow street.

"I will — I say I will."

"You shan't, Miss Ursula."

"But I will!"

And there stood the little girl, with a loaf in one hand, and a carving-knife in the other. She succeeded in cutting off a large slice, and holding it out.

"Take it, poor boy! — you look so hungry. Do take

it." But the servant forced her in, and the door was shut upon a sharp cry.

It made John Halifax start, and look up at the nursery window, which was likewise closed. We heard nothing more. After a minute, he crossed the street, and picked up the slice of bread. Now, in those days bread was precious, exceedingly. The poor folk rarely got it; they lived on rye or meal. John Halifax had probably not tasted wheaten bread like this for months; it appeared not, he eyed it so ravenously; then glancing towards the shut door his mind seemed to change. He was a long time before he ate a morsel; when he did so, it was quietly and slowly; looking very thoughtful all the while.

As soon as the rain ceased, we took our way home, down the High Street, toward the abbey church — he guiding my carriage along in silence. I wished he would talk, and let me hear again his pleasant Cornish accent.

"How strong you are!" said I sighing, when, with a sudden pull, he had saved me from being overturned by a horseman riding past, "so tall and so strong."

"Am I? Well, I shall want my strength."

"How?"

"To earn my living."

He drew up his broad shoulders, and planted on the pavement a firmer foot, as if he knew he had the world

before him — would meet it single-handed, and without fear.

"What have you worked at lately?"

"Anything I could get, for I have never learned a trade."

"Would you like to learn one?"

He hesitated a minute, as if weighing his speech. "Once, I thought I should like to be what my father was."

"What was he?"

"A scholar and a gentleman."

"Then, perhaps," I said, "you would not like to follow a trade."

"Yes, I should, what would it matter to me? My father was a gentleman."

"And your mother?"

He turned suddenly round; his cheeks hot, his lips quivering. "She is dead. I do not like to hear strangers speak about my mother."

I asked his pardon. It was plain he had loved and mourned her; and that circumstances had smothered down his quick boyish feelings into a man's aversion to betraying where he had loved and mourned. I, only a few minutes after, said something about wishing we were not "strangers."

"Do you?" The lad's half-amazed, half-grateful smile went right to my heart.

"Have you been up and down the country much?"

"A great deal, these last three years: doing a hand's turn, as best I could, in hop-picking, apple-gathering, harvesting; only, this summer I had typhus fever, and could not work."

"What did you do then?"

"I lay in a barn till I got well. — I am quite well now, you need not be afraid."

"No, indeed; I never thought of that."

We soon became quite sociable together. He guided me carefully out of the town into the abbey walk, flecked with sunshine through overhanging trees. Once he stopped to pick up for me the large brown fan of a horse-chestnut leaf.

"It's pretty, isn't it? — only it shows that autumn is come."

"And how shall you live in the winter, when there is no out-of-door work to be had?"

"I don't know."

The lad's countenance fell, and that hungry, weary look, which had vanished while he talked, returned, more painful than ever. I reproached myself for having, under the influence of his merry talk, temporarily forgotten it.

"Ah!" I cried eagerly, when we left the shade of the abbey trees, and crossed the street; "here we are at home!"

"Are you?" The homeless lad just glanced at it — the flight of spotless stone steps, guarded by ponderous railings, which led to my father's respectable and handsome door. "Good day, then, which means good-by."

I started. The word pained me. On my sad, lonely life — brief indeed, though ill health seemed to have doubled and trebled my sixteen years into a mournful maturity — this lad's face had come like a flash of sunshine; a reflection of the merry boyhood, the youth and strength that never were, never could be mine. To let it go from me was like going back into the dark.

"Not good-by just yet!" said I, trying painfully to disengage myself from my little carriage, and mount the steps. John Halifax came to my aid.

"Suppose you let me carry you. I could — and — and — it would be great fun, you know."

He tried to turn it into a jest, so as not to hurt me; but the tremble in his voice was as tender as any woman's — tenderer than any woman's I ever was used to hear. I put my arms around his neck; he lifted me safely and carefully, and set me at my own door. Then, with another good-by, he again turned to go.

My heart cried after him with an irrepressible cry. What I said I do not remember, but it caused him to return.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, sir?"

"Don't call me 'sir'; I am only a boy like yourself. I want you; don't go yet. Ah! here comes my father!"

John Halifax stood aside, and touched his cap with a respectful deference, as the old man passed.

"So here thee be — hast thou taken care of my son? Did he give thee thy groat, my lad?"

We had neither of us once thought of the money. When I acknowledged this my father laughed, called John an honest lad, and began searching in his pocket for some larger coin. I ventured to draw his ear down, and whisper something — but I got no answer; meanwhile, John Halifax, for the third time, was going away.

"Stop, lad — I forget thy name — here is thy groat, and a shilling added, for being kind to my son."

"Thank you, but I don't want payment for kindness."

He kept the groat, and put back the shilling into my father's hand.

"Eh!" said the old man, much astonished, "thee'rt an odd lad; but I can't stay talking with thee. Come in to dinner, Phineas. — I say," turning back to John Halifax with a sudden thought, "art thee hungry?"

"Very hungry." Nature gave way at last, and great tears came into the poor lad's eyes. "Nearly starving."

"Bless me! then get in, and have thy dinner. But first," and my inexorable father held him by the shoulder, "thee art a decent lad, come of decent parents?"

"Yes," almost indignantly.

"Thee works for thy living?"

"I do whenever I can get it."

"Thee hast never been in jail?"

"No!" thundered out the lad, with a furious look. "I don't want your dinner, sir; I would have stayed, because your son asked me, and he was civil to me, and I liked him. Now I think I had better go. Good day, sir."

There is a verse in a very old Book — even in its human histories the most pathetic of all books — which runs thus:

"And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David; and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

And this day I, a poorer and more helpless Jonathan, had found my David.

I caught him by the hand, and would not let him go.

"There, get in, lads — make no more ado," said Abel Fletcher sharply, as he disappeared.

So, still holding my David fast, I brought him into my father's house.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK: From *John Halifax, Gentleman.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where does the story begin? 2. How did Phineas Fletcher and the "Vagabond" meet? 3. What do you learn in the first two pages about Phineas? 4. About the "Vagabond"? 5. What do you learn on the next page about Mr. Fletcher? 6. How did John Halifax show Mr. Fletcher that he could be trusted? 7. What happened in the mayor's house? 8. What did John Halifax tell about himself? 9. Why did Phineas love this stranger boy? 10. What do you admire in John Halifax? 11. In what ways was he a gentleman?

For Study with the Glossary: Vagabond, pelting, eddying, haggard, involuntarily, tolerably, catechism, serried square, groat, portico, Ursula, aversion, typhus fever, temporarily, abbey, ponderous, disengage, irrepressible, deference, acknowledged, thee'rt (thee art), inexorable, pathetic.

Review Questions. 1. What stories in this Reader have been about boys or girls? 2. What do you remember about Tom Brown at school? about Tom Bailey's theater? 3. Why do you admire Joan of Arc? 4. Why did you laugh at Moses and his trip to the fair? 5. Which stories or poems about children have been most like your own experience? 6. Which boy seems to you the most of a hero?

7. What do you remember about the boyhood of Sir Walter Scott? 8. About the boyhood of General Grant? 9. What is there to admire in the characters of these two men? 10. What selections in this Reader were written by Oliver Goldsmith? 11. What do you know of his life? 12. What poems do you remember by Bryant? by Longfellow?

TOM AND MAGGIE

Tom and Maggie Tulliver are brother and sister. Tom has been away at school, and has just returned home.

I

"Maggie," said Tom confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, "you don't know what I've got in my pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie. "How stuffed they look, Tom! Is it marbles or hazelnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with her at these games — she played so badly.

"Marbles! no; I've swapped all my marbles with the little fellows, and hazelnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's a — new — Guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

"No, Tom," said Maggie imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. Please be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well then, it's a new fishline — two new ones — one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I wouldn't. And here's hooks; see here! — I say, won't we go and fish to-morrow, down by the Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything — won't it be fun?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms around Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause:

"Wasn't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I needn't have bought it, if I hadn't liked."

"Yes, very, very good — I do love you, Tom."

Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again.

"And the fellows fought me, because I wouldn't give in about the toffee."

"Oh, dear! I wish they wouldn't fight at your school, Tom. Didn't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? No," said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocket-knife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his finger along it. Then he added: "I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know — that's what he got by wanting to leather me; I wasn't going to go halves because anybody leathered me."

"Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him — wouldn't you, Tom?"

"How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There's no lions, only in the shows."

"No; but if we were in the lion countries — I mean in Africa, where it's very hot — the lions eat people there. I can show it you in the book where I read it."

"Well, I should get a gun and shoot him."

"But if you hadn't got a gun — we might have gone out, you know, not thinking — just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run towards us roaring, and we couldn't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?"

Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, "But the lion isn't coming. What's the use of talking?"

"But I like to fancy how it would be," said Maggie, following him. "Just think what you would do, Tom."

"Oh, don't bother, Maggie! you're such a silly — I shall go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things — it was quite a different anger from her own.

"Tom," she said timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom promptly.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want your money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom — if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk, and turned round to Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then?" he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot — and I couldn't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fishline. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you, if you forgot anything — I wouldn't mind what you did — I'd forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly — but I never do forget things — I don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren't I a good brother to you?"

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsively.

"Didn't I think about your fishline all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and wouldn't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't?"

"Ye-ye-es — and I lo-lo-love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fishline down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I didn't mean," said Maggie; "I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow." With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie toward the mill.

II

Maggie stood motionless, except from her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be — and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel!

Hadn't she wanted to give him the money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom, — had never meant to be naughty to him.

Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself — hide herself behind the tub and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they didn't mind her being there. If she went down again to Tom now — would he forgive her? Perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part.

But then she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down if Tom didn't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved, the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature, began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept from behind her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

Tom had been too much interested in going the

round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, except that he didn't whittle sticks at school, to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical person. But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, "Why, where's the little wench?" and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?" — both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

"I don't know," said Tom. He didn't want to "tell on" Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honor.

"What! hasn't she been playing with you all this while?" said the father. "She's been thinking of nothing but your coming home."

"I haven't seen her this two hours," said Tom, commencing on the plum cake.

"Goodness heart! She's got drowned!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window.

"Nay, nay, she's not drowned," said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, Tom, I doubt?"

"I'm sure I haven't, father," said Tom indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself and forgetting all about meal-times."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his perspicacity or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad had been hard upon "the little one," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Else I'll let you know better."

Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man, and, as he said, would never let anybody get hold of his whip-hand; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plum cake, and not intending to reprieve Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved. Tom was only thirteen, and had no decided views in grammar and arithmetic; but he was very clear and positive on one point, — namely, that he would punish everybody who deserved it. Why, he wouldn't have minded being punished himself, if he deserved it; but, then, he never did deserve it.

It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes and disheveled hair to beg for pity. At least her father would stroke her head and say, "Never mind, my wench." It is a wonderful subduer, this need of

love, — this hunger of the heart, — as peremptory as that other hunger by which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "O Tom, please forgive me — I can't bear it — I will always be good — always remember things — do love me — please, dear Tom!"

There were tender fibers in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling; so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved; he actually began to kiss her in return, and say:

"Don't cry, then, Magsie — here, eat a bit o' cake."

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

"Come along, Magsie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs.

III

So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms couldn't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it didn't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms, and fish, and those things; and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful, — much more difficult than remembering what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge "stuff," and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly, — they couldn't throw a stone so as to hit anything, couldn't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her,

make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong.

They were on their way to the Round Pool, — that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago: no one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favorite spot always heightened Tom's good-humor, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable whispers, as he opened the precious basket, and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, "Look, look, Maggie!" and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual; but presently Tom drew out her line, and brought a large tench bouncing on the grass.

Tom was excited.

"O Magsie, you little duck! Empty the basket."

Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was

pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her; but she liked fishing very much.

It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them; they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming, — the great chestnut tree under which they played at houses, — their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water rats, while Maggie gathered the purple plumy tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterwards, — above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing spring tide come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man, — these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot

of the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing "the river over which there is no bridge," always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it, — if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass, — the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows, — the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss.*

HELPS TO STUDY

There are a good many girls like Maggie Tulliver. Probably there are one or two in every class with something of her quick temper and active imagination, her love of reading and ardent affection. But Maggie has a special likeness to the child, Mary Ann Evans, who when she grew to womanhood became a great novelist, writing under the name of GEORGE ELIOT.

Mary Ann Evans was very fond of her books. By the time she was eight or nine, she was reading *Pilgrim's Progress*, like

Maggie, and Scott's novels and Charles Lamb's essays, and many other books. She was also very fond of her older brother, who was her chief playmate.

She came to be a brilliant woman, writing on many subjects of science, philosophy, and religion; but she was nearly forty before she tried her hand at fiction. She was encouraged by her husband, George Henry Lewes, a writer of remarkable abilities himself. Her first stories were the *Scenes from Clerical Life* and these were soon followed by *Adam Bede*. This novel made an immense success, and every one wondered who this new writer could be. Charles Dickens was one of the very few who guessed that "George Eliot" was a woman.

George Eliot wrote many other novels, all interesting, not merely as stories but as studies of character and of conduct. For boys and girls, and perhaps for every one, her best novels are *Silas Marner* and the first half of the *Mill on the Floss*, which was originally called "Sister Maggie." In both the charm for the reader comes in part from the author's fond memory of her own childhood. It is this loving recollection of past scenes that gives to the *Mill on the Floss* its great and peculiar beauty.

The last paragraph in our selection describes the kind of beauty which is loved "because it is known." A later sentence expresses the same idea. "Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love."

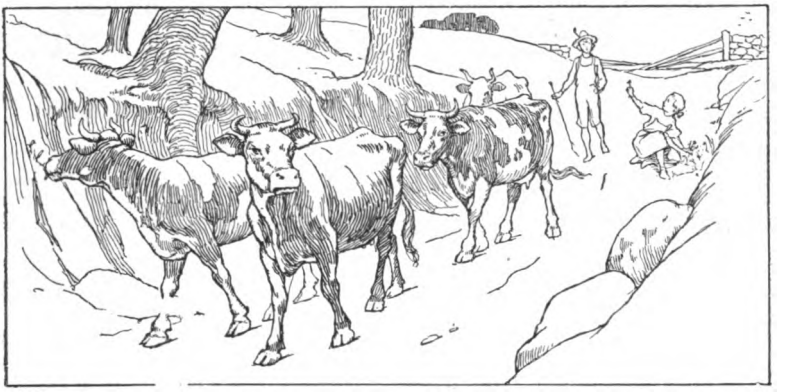
Thus, as the years go on, you will come to feel about the story of Tom and Maggie. And thus, perhaps, you will feel about the happiness and the sorrow of childhood. "We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it."

I. 1. Who are Tom and Maggie? 2. Where has Tom been? 3. What present had he brought for Maggie? 4. What had he been doing at school? 5. What was Maggie's opinion of her brother? 6. What confession did she make? 7. How did Tom punish her? 8. What is your opinion of Tom?

II. 1. Where did Maggie go after Tom had left her? 2. Why is an attic such an attractive place? 3. How did Maggie plan to punish Tom? 4. Did this plan work? 5. What had Tom been doing while Maggie was hiding in the attic? 6. Tell of the conversation at the tea table. 7. How had the quarrel affected Tom's appetite? 8. What were Tom's views on punishment? 9. How did brother and sister make up? 10. Have you ever tried to punish any one as Tom punished Maggie? 11. Did you feel quite satisfied with yourself — like Tom? 12. Did you ever try to punish any one as Maggie tried to punish Tom? 13. Did it work?

III. 1. How were brother and sister the next morning? 2. What was Tom's knowledge about? 3. Why did he think all girls were silly? 4. Describe the scene by the Round Pool. 5. What trees are mentioned? what two rivers? 6. What book had Maggie been reading? 7. Who do you suppose cared most for books, Tom or Maggie? 8. What does the story tell you about Maggie? 9. Put into your own words the thought of the last paragraph.

For Study with the Glossary. I. confidentially, relaxed, toffee, meditatively, leather, Samson, half-crowns, sovereigns, heightening, subsiding, peremptory, convulsively. II. intensity, wench, perspicacity, reprieve, subduer, fibers, fondling. III. amicable, tench, mar, plumy, Christiana, hips and haws, monotony.



LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
  Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
  That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
  Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
  And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
  They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
  In the soft-tinted October light,
They know where the apples hang ripest,
  And are sweeter than Italy's wines;

They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells, —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops
Where the Oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman, —
The noble and wise of the land, —
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

M. H. KROUT.

1. What are the "little brown hands" doing in the first stanza? in the second? 2. Where are they at the beginning of the third stanza? at its close? 3. What are they doing in the fourth stanza? 4. How many of the things done by the little brown hands in the first three stanzas have you ever done? 5. Select some famous man or woman who was one of the "brown-handed children." 6. Tell what you can of his childhood. 7. What are referred to by "the sword, the chisel, and the palette"?

THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER

When you were little children you looked upon Christmas as the time for receiving presents, but as you grow older, you find that it is the time for sharing your happiness with others. The real spirit of the day is that of the text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." What that text means is illustrated in the two stories that follow.

The first is from the *Christmas Carol*, which tells of a rich old miser named Scrooge, who saw no value in kindness or generosity and who paid no attention to Christmas. On one Christmas, however, he was visited by certain Spirits who showed him many things that he had refused to see. The Spirit of the Christmas of the Present carried him to the house of Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's poor clerk who received but fifteen shillings a week, and yet had a merry Christmas.

With the Spirit and Scrooge we will take a peep into the Cratchits' house.

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired,

and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Crachit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour."

"Here's Martha, Mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, Mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's Father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself! and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two younger Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the puddings singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Some-

how he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty..

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter, and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot

plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table: the two younger Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

IN HALF A MINUTE MRS. CRATCHIT ENTERED.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top,

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared,

the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

CHARLES DICKENS: *A Christmas Carol.*

HELPS TO STUDY

1. How many Cratchits appear in the first paragraph? 2. What others are mentioned in the second paragraph? 3. Where had Martha been? 4. How had Tiny Tim come from church? 5. How did each member of the family help with the Christmas feast? 6. What did they have for dinner? 7. Who in the family were kind? 8. Who were happy? 9. What is the best kind of sauce for a Christmas goose?

Old Scrooge the miser was so moved by the sight of the Cratchits' good cheer and helpfulness that he kept Christmas himself by raising Bob Cratchit's salary and becoming a second father to Tiny Tim and sharing in the happiness of others.

The "Christmas Carol" is one of the best known Christmas stories in our literature. It has taught the rich not to be Scrooges, and it has taught the poor how much happiness there is in poverty when mixed with kindness. It has taught all, both rich and poor, old and young, how much joy may come from sharing in the happiness of others. That was the message given to the world on the first Christmas Day, many centuries ago, "On earth peace, good will to men." Slowly but surely since that day, Good Will has been growing and spreading among men; and kindness, generosity, and charity have more and more become the qualities which all admire. It is our great hope that some day the hearts of all men will be ruled by Good Will. Then the Christmas Spirit of the Future will find neither war nor cruelty nor unkindness to mar its happiness, for at last there shall be "on earth peace."

For Study with the Glossary: sixpence, luxurious, basking, officious, exclusive, seasonable, declension, rampant, rallied, prematurely, credulity, compounded, hob, ubiquitous, eked, quartern, bedight, heresy.

Phrases: "brave (handsome, fine) in ribbons," "gallantly attired," "exalted to the skies," "bless your heart alive," "have a warm," "in the copper" (boiler), "as good as gold," "feathered phenomenon." Which of these phrases have you heard before? Which are more common in conversation than in books? Explain each phrase, using the GLOSSARY to find the meaning of unusual words.

THE SABOT OF LITTLE WOLFF

Once upon a time, — it was so long ago that the whole world has forgotten the date, — in a city in the north of Europe, whose name is so difficult to pronounce that nobody remembers it, — once upon a time there was a little boy of seven, named Wolff. He was an orphan in charge of an old aunt who was hard and avaricious, who only kissed him on New Year's Day, and who breathed a sigh of regret every time that she gave him a porringer of soup.

But the poor little lad was naturally so good that he loved his aunt just the same, although she frightened him very much; and he could never see her without trembling, for fear she would whip him.

As the aunt of Wolff was known through all the village to have a house and an old stocking full of

gold, she did not dare send her nephew to the school for the poor, but she obtained a reduction of the price with the schoolmaster whose school little Wolff attended. The teacher, vexed at having a scholar so badly dressed and who paid so poorly, often punished him unjustly, and even set his fellow-pupils against him.

The poor little fellow was therefore as miserable as the stones in the street, and hid himself in out-of-the-way corners to cry when Christmas came.

The night before Christmas the schoolmaster was to take all of his pupils to church, and bring them back to their homes. As the winter was very severe that year, and as for several days a great quantity of snow had fallen, the children came to the master's house warmly wrapped and bundled up, with fur caps pulled down over their ears, double and triple jackets, knitted gloves and mittens, and good, thick-nailed boots with strong soles. Only little Wolff came shivering in the clothes that he wore week days and Sundays, and with nothing on his feet but coarse Strasbourg socks and heavy sabots, or wooden shoes.

His thoughtless comrades made a thousand jests over his forlorn looks and his peasant's dress; but little Wolff was so occupied in blowing on his fingers to keep them warm, that he took no notice of the boys or what they said.

The troop of boys, with their master at their head, started for the church. As they went they talked of the fine suppers that were waiting them at home. The son of the burgomaster had seen, before he went out, a monstrous goose that the truffles marked with black spots like a leopard. At the house of one of the boys there was a little fir tree in a wooden box, from whose branches hung oranges, sweetmeats, and toys.

The children spoke, too, of what the Christ-child would bring to them, and what he would put in their shoes, which they would, of course, be very careful to leave in the chimney before going to bed. And the eyes of those little boys, lively as a parcel of mice, sparkled in advance with the joy of seeing in their imagination pink paper bags filled with cakes, lead soldiers drawn up in battalions in their boxes, menageries smelling of varnished wood, and magnificent jumping-jacks covered with purple and bells.

Little Wolff knew very well by experience that his old aunt would send him supperless to bed; but, knowing that all the year he had been as good and industrious as possible, he hoped that the Christ-child would not forget him; and he, too, looked eagerly forward to putting his wooden shoes in the ashes of the fireplace.

When the service was ended, every one went away, anxious for his supper, and the band of children, walking two by two after their teacher, left the church.

In the porch, sitting on a stone seat under a Gothic niche, a child was sleeping — a child who was clad in a robe of white linen, and whose feet were bare, notwithstanding the cold. He was not a beggar, for his robe was new and fresh, and near him on the ground was seen a square, a hatchet, a pair of compasses, and the other tools of a carpenter's apprentice. Under the light of the stars, his face bore an expression of divine sweetness, and his long locks of golden hair seemed like an aureole about his head. But the child's feet, blue in the cold of that December night, were sad to see.

The children, so well clothed and shod for the winter, passed heedlessly before the unknown child. One of them, the son of one of the principal men in the village, looked at the waif with an expression in which no pity could be seen.

But little Wolff, coming the last out of the church, stopped, full of compassion, before the beautiful sleeping child. "Alas!" said the orphan to himself, "it is too bad that this poor little one has to go barefoot in such bad weather. But what is worse than all, he has not even a boot or a wooden shoe to leave before him while he sleeps to-night, so that the Christ-child could put something there to comfort him in his misery."

And, carried away by the goodness of his heart, little Wolff took off the wooden shoe from his right foot, and laid it in front of the sleeping child. Then, limping

along on his poor blistered foot and dragging his sock through the snow, he went back to his aunt's house.

"Look at that worthless fellow!" cried his aunt, full of anger at his return without one of his shoes. "What have you done with your wooden shoe, little wretch?"

Little Wolff did not know how to deceive, and although he was shaking with terror, he tried to stammer out some account of his adventure.

The old woman burst into scornful laughter. "Ah, monsieur takes off his shoes for beggars! Ah, monsieur gives away his wooden shoes to a barefoot! This is something new! Ah, well, since that is so, I am going to put the wooden shoe which you have left in the chimney, and I promise you the Christ-child will leave there to-night something to whip you with in the morning. And you shall pass the day to-morrow on dry bread and water. We will see if next time you give away your shoe to the first vagabond that comes."

Then the aunt, after having given the poor boy a couple of slaps, made him climb up to his bed in the attic. Grieved to the heart, the child went to bed in the dark, and soon went to sleep, his pillow wet with tears.

On the morrow morning, when the old woman went downstairs — oh, wonderful sight! — she saw the great chimney full of beautiful playthings, and sacks of magnificent candies, and all sorts of good things;

and before all these splendid things the right shoe, that her nephew had given to the little waif, stood by the side of the left shoe, which she herself had put there that very night, and where she meant to put a birch rod.

Little Wolff had run down to learn the meaning of his aunt's exclamation, and stood in childish wonder before all these splendid gifts; when suddenly there were loud cries and laughter out of doors. The old woman and the little boy went out to know what it all meant, and saw the neighbors gathered around the public fountain. What had happened? Oh, something very amusing and extraordinary! The children of all the rich people of the village, those whose parents had wished to surprise them with the most beautiful gifts, had found only rods in their shoes.

Then the orphan and the old woman, thinking of all the beautiful things that were in their chimney, were full of amazement. But presently they saw the curé coming toward them, with wonder in his face. In the church porch, where in the evening a child, clad in a white robe, and with bare feet, had rested his sleeping head, the curé had just seen a circle of gold incrusted with precious stones.

Then the people understood that the beautiful sleeping child, near whom were the carpenter's tools, was really the Christ-child become for an hour such as

he was when he worked in his parents' house. All bowed themselves before the miracle that the good God had seen fit to work, to reward the faith and charity of a child.

Translated from the French of FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

HELPS TO STUDY

Sabot (sâ bō′) is the French name for a wooden shoe, such as poor people wear. 1. Where did little Wolff live? 2. How was he treated by his old aunt? by the schoolmaster? by his schoolmates? 3. What were the children thinking about on Christmas Eve? 4. What were they going to do with their shoes? 5. Whom did they see seated on a stone bench by the church? 6. How was he dressed? 7. Why did little Wolff pity the sleeping child? 8. What gifts did little Wolff make? 9. What miracle took place in the night? 10. Why did little Wolff deserve the reward he received?

For Study with the Glossary: avaricious, porringer, triple, Strasbourg, burgomaster, truffles, battalions, Gothic niche, aureole, monsieur, waif, curé, incrusted.

Now to the Lord sing praises
  All you within this place;
And with true love and brotherhood
  Each other now embrace.
This holy tide of Christmas
  All others doth deface.

OLD ENGLISH CAROL.

THE BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky
They faint on hill or field or river.
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. When did you ever hear the bugle calls in camp? 2. When have you ever heard an echo distinctly? 3. Describe the picture made in your mind by the first stanza of the poem. 4. Where is Elfland? 5. Where do the echoes come from? 6. What sort of echoes live forever?

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

There once lived in China a boy named Aladdin. His father was dead, and he and his mother were very poor.

One day he was stopped on the street by a stranger who asked if he were not the son of Mustapha the tailor.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; "but he has been dead for many years."

At these words the stranger threw his arms about Aladdin and said, "I am your uncle. I knew you at first sight, you are so like your father."

Really the stranger was not Aladdin's uncle but a wicked magician who had just come from Africa and who thought the idle boy could be used for his purpose. He gave Aladdin some money and sent the boy home to tell his mother to prepare for a visitor.

The magician came to the house on the next day; and, on hearing the truth about Aladdin's idleness, offered to take a shop for him, and set him up as a merchant. Aladdin was pleased, and so was his mother, and on the morrow the boy set out with his pretended uncle, who equipped him with a fine suit of clothes and showed him round the best parts of the city.

The next day the magician took Aladdin with him

for a very long walk. They passed through the beautiful public gardens, and going to a great distance into the country, at length reached a narrow valley between two mountains, and there the magician sought to carry out the plans which had led him to China.

Having made Aladdin light a fire, he threw some perfume into it, and then uttered some magical words, which caused the earth to open and reveal a large stone, in which was fixed a brass ring.

When Aladdin was so frightened that he would have run away, the magician told him that there were vast treasures beneath the stone which he might have if he obeyed his uncle's commands. "No person but you," added the uncle, "is permitted to lift the stone and descend the stairs."

Aladdin seized the ring, and to his surprise lifted the heavy stone with ease. "Open the door at the foot of the steps," ordered the magician, "and you will find a palace, divided into three great halls. Pass through these, and at the end of the third hall you will come into a garden, where there are some fine fruit trees. Pass through it to the terrace beyond it, where you will find a lighted lamp, placed in a niche. Put out the lamp, throw away the wick, and pour away the liquor. Then hasten back to me with the lamp, which I require most particularly!"

Aladdin followed these directions, and found everything as the magician had stated. Having secured the lamp, which he placed in his waistband, he plucked the rich jewels which grew like fruit on the trees of the orchard, and filled his pockets with them. The magician saw him returning, and called out:

"Make haste, and give me that lamp."

"Help me out first," answered Aladdin, who was so hampered by the jewels that he could not get out by himself. He persisted in his refusal to give up the lamp before he was out of the cave, whereupon the magician, in a great rage, threw some incense into the fire, and muttered some magical words, which caused the stone to return to its former place.

The truth was that the magician had learned through his arts that the lamp could make its owner enormously rich, and that he could obtain it only as the free gift of another. Accordingly he had employed Aladdin as a suitable tool, in the hope of getting the lamp by this means. Having failed in his attempt he set out to return to Africa, but avoided the city, lest he should be recognized and people should inquire what had become of Aladdin.

Meanwhile poor Aladdin was in great distress, and knew not what to do, for the door which led from the steps to the palace had been closed by the magician's words. By some chance he rubbed a ring which the

magician had given him when he entered the cave; and a genie then appeared, who thus addressed him:

"What do you require? I am ready to obey you in all things, I and the rest of the slaves of the ring."

Aladdin asked to be delivered from the cave, and at once found himself on the spot whither he had come with the magician. He hurried home to his mother, but had scarcely reached the house when he fainted, overcome by hunger and weariness. On coming to himself he asked for some food, but his mother said that there was not a crust of bread in the house. Aladdin then asked where the lamp was which he had brought home, as he wished to go out and sell it. His mother began to rub the lamp, as it was very dirty, but no sooner had she touched it than an immense genie appeared, who said, in very loud tones:

"What do you require? I am ready to obey thee in all things, I and the rest of the slaves of the lamp."

Though his mother swooned from terror, Aladdin said boldly that he wanted something to eat, and the genie went away, returning immediately with a large silver tray, on which were twelve silver plates of meat, with six pieces of bread on two plates, two bottles of wine, and two silver cups.

The mother soon recovered and joined with Aladdin in a hearty meal. She wished to part with the lamp, as she dreaded the genie, but her son thought that

ALADDIN AND THE LAMP.

both the lamp and the ring were well worth keeping. The lamp proved an inexhaustible treasure, as Aladdin was able to sell the silver trays and dishes to a goldsmith, and to get more from the genie whenever he required. By these means he and his mother lived comfortably for some years.

One day Aladdin saw the Sultan's daughter, the Princess Badroul-boudour, on her way to the bath. He was struck with her beauty, and returned home determined to make her his bride, although his mother said he must be mad to think of such a thing. He managed to persuade her, however, to take the jewels which he had plucked from the trees in the underground gardens, and present them to the Sultan, asking him at the same time for his daughter's hand for her son. For several days did the good woman attend the Sultan's divan, taking with her a china dish, on which she had placed the various jewels, wrapped up in two very fine napkins. By these visits she attracted the attention of the Sultan, who told his grand vizier that he wished to give an audience to the woman who came so regularly.

When she was brought before the Sultan he listened patiently while she narrated the errand on which her son had sent her; and when he saw what she had in the napkins, he was lost in admiration at the beautiful jewels which met his eyes. The Sultan seemed will-

ing to accept Aladdin as a husband for his daughter, but the grand vizier, who sought her in marriage for his own son, persuaded his sovereign to put off his decision for three months. Aladdin was even more pleased than his mother at the success of the interview, and waited patiently for the expiration of the three months.

Meanwhile the grand vizier was not idle. Within two months he had persuaded the Sultan by splendid presents to accept his son as husband for the princess. Aladdin was much alarmed when his mother told him the news that great preparations were being made for the immediate marriage of the Sultan's daughter and the vizier's son. In his distress, he summoned the genie, who said as usual:

"What do you require? I am ready to obey thee in all things, I and the rest of the slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin commanded the genie to bring the princess and her husband from the palace to his house on the very night of the wedding, an order which the slave of the lamp faithfully carried out. The genie removed the shivering son of the vizier for the night, leaving Aladdin to woo the princess and explain to her how her father, the Sultan, had deceived him. At daybreak, the genie transported the princess and her husband back to the palace; but at night, as commanded by Aladdin, he again removed them. The

newly married pair were so distressed at the enchantment that they entreated the Sultan to annul the marriage, which he accordingly did, after hearing of their reasons.

On the day when the three months contained in the Sultan's promise were up, Aladdin's mother came before him, but not wishing to bestow his daughter on a stranger, who might be unable to maintain her in royal state, he said that he would yield to Aladdin's suit on one condition.

"I will keep my word," said he, "when your son shall send me forty trays of massive gold, full of jewels, like those you first brought me, and carried by forty splendidly dressed, young and handsome black slaves."

By the aid of the genie, Aladdin was at once able to comply with the Sultan's wishes; and when that monarch found the forty slaves before him, bearing the treasure he had asked for, he was highly pleased. He declared that he would give Aladdin an immediate audience and the young man's mother returned home overjoyed with the news. Attired in splendid clothes and mounted on a magnificent charger which had been provided by the genie, Aladdin rode up to the palace. The Sultan received him, and entertained him very cordially, and had the contract of marriage between Aladdin and his daughter drawn up by the chief magistrate. Aladdin, however, declined to have

the marriage celebrated on that day, as he wished to build a palace worthy of the Princess Badroulboudour.

On his return home, he rubbed his lamp and said to the genie:

"You must now build me a palace, grander than any in the world. The walls must be of alternate gold and silver bricks, and there must be twenty-four windows. One of these must be left unfinished, but the lattices of all the others must be studded with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Let there be sufficient storehouses and stables, as well as a retinue worthy to attend the princess!"

On the next morning Aladdin found that the palace had been built, exactly as he had directed. The Sultan and the princess were charmed with it, but the former could not understand why one of the windows was left unfinished. Aladdin replied that he wished his father-in-law to have the window finished according to his own taste. For months the jewelers and goldsmiths strove to finish the window, but despite all their efforts, they could not come near to the other twenty-three which had been completed. They borrowed the jewels of the Sultan, and then those of the grand vizier; but to little purpose. All the jewels of the kingdom could not suffice for this single window.

This was just what Aladdin had counted upon,

and he ordered the jewelers and goldsmiths to abandon the work, and to take the jewels back to the Sultan and the vizier. By the aid of the genie of the lamp, he completed the window himself, and this made him admired by the Sultan more than ever. For some years Aladdin and the princess lived happily in the palace, and endeared themselves to all the inhabitants of the city by their lavish generosity.

Meanwhile the African magician discovered by his arts the good fortune which the lamp had brought to Aladdin. He determined to secure the lamp for his own purposes, and so he set out for the capital of China. He took lodgings in the city, and found out by his magic that the lamp was in the palace; and he was informed by his landlord that Aladdin would be away on a hunting expedition for a few days. The wicked magician hit upon a plan whereby to gain the lamp, and having bought a dozen new lamps from a coppersmith, he put them into a basket, and walked about the city shouting:

"New lamps for old ones!"

The people in the street thought he must be mad, and they made such a noise, shouting after him, as he passed the palace, that the princess was curious to know the cause of the excitement.

On hearing what was going on she laughed, and said to one of her slaves:

"There is a dirty old lamp in Prince Aladdin's dressing-room, and he will be glad to have a new one instead; so take it out to the man, and see that he carries out his bargain."

The slave did as the princess commanded, and the magician eagerly put the old lamp under his cloak, and hurried away to a quiet spot, where he lost no time in calling the genie.

"What do you require? I am ready to obey you in all things, I and the rest of the slaves of the lamp."

The magician caused the genie to transport him together with Aladdin's palace, and all within it, to Africa. The Sultan and his ministers were accordingly much astonished to find that the palace had disappeared from view.

The vizier, who had always been jealous of Aladdin's influence with the Sultan, suggested that the palace had been built by magic, and that the hunting expedition was a mere excuse of Aladdin's for making away with it.

The Sultan sent for Aladdin, and would have had him instantly executed had he not feared a riot, for the people loved Aladdin, and would probably have risen against the Sultan, had he made this order. Aladdin asked for forty days in which to restore the palace, failing in which he would willingly pay the penalty of

his failure; and the Sultan felt bound to allow him the time asked for.

Aladdin was greatly troubled, and knew not what to do, but he chanced to rub the ring which the magician had given him, and there appeared to him the same genie who had taken him out of the cave.

"What do you require?" said the genie; "I am ready to obey you in all things, I and the rest of the slaves of the ring."

Aladdin asked the genie to restore the palace, but, not being so powerful as the slave of the lamp, he could not do this. He therefore transported Aladdin to that part of Africa where his palace now stood. Aladdin found out from the princess that the lamp was in the possession of the magician, and having purchased a poisonous drug from a chemist, he asked her to place this in the cup of the magician.

Accordingly, when the magician came in the evening, the princess, in a pleasant manner, asked him to change cups with her. He did so, and, draining the proffered cup, sank down lifeless on the floor. Aladdin then came in by the private door, and snatching the lamp from within the magician's robe, made its slave convey the palace and all within it back to China. The Sultan, who was delighted to have his daughter back again, at once forgave Aladdin, and again took him into favor.

Aladdin was now rid of his enemy; and on the death of the Sultan, a few years afterwards, he and the princess (who had no brothers) succeeded to the throne. They reigned happily for a long period, and left a numerous and distinguished line of successors.

Abridged from the *Arabian Nights*.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. Where did Aladdin live? 2. Tell about his meeting with a stranger. 3. Describe their long walk together. 4. What did the magician do? 5. What happened after his magical words? 6. What did the magician command Aladdin to do? 7. What jewels did Aladdin find? 8. Why did the magician desire the lamp? 9. Why wouldn't Aladdin give up the lamp? 10. How was he aided by a ring? 11. What happened to the lamp? 12. How did the jewels aid Aladdin's courtship of the Sultan's daughter? 13. How did Aladdin dispose of the grand vizier's son? 14. What conditions did the Sultan then impose on Aladdin? 15. Describe the palace which the genie built. 16. Why was one window left unfinished? 17. How did the magician get the lamp again? 18. What did he do with the palace? 19. How did the genie of the ring come to Aladdin's aid? 20. Can you tell any other stories from the *Arabian Nights*? 21. What would the magician have thought of an electric light? 22. Do you think the genie of Aladdin's lamp more wonderful than the genie of electricity? 23. Do you know of any men who have commanded the services of this genie?

For Study with the Glossary: equipped, magician, niche, genie, inexhaustible, grand vizier, expiration, massive, retinue, lavish, penalty, proffered.

ALADDIN

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HELPS TO STUDY

1. What are castles in Spain? 2. How is it that the rich man in the poem owns no castles in Spain? 3. How did he build them when he was a beggarly boy? 4. Do you enjoy building castles? 5. What is the Aladdin's lamp which aids you?

When Hawthorne died, Longfellow wrote a beautiful poem to his memory. Can you explain the following two stanzas?

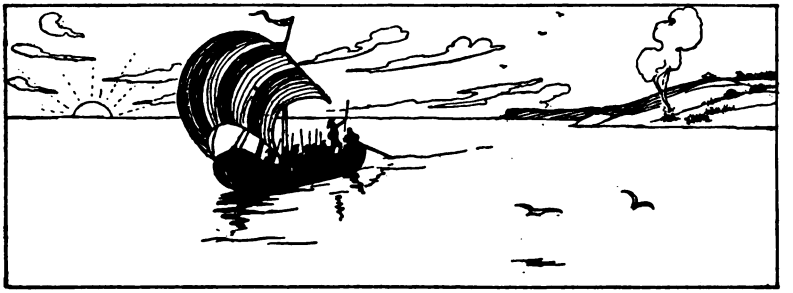
There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished windows in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain.

In this part of the Reader, all the selections have to do with magic and enchantments. Many of them tell of times long ago when men really believed that the world was full of all kinds of marvelous creatures. There were genii and giants, and little fairies and elves who were just as powerful as those monsters. And there were witches, and magicians, and other persons who could make these powerful beings do their bidding. You have read of the magician and his power over the genii of the lamp and ring. In the next selection you will learn of a witch maiden who brought about many enchantments.

Imagine one of these men of long ago coming back to the world to-day, and hearing you say that no one now believes in magic. He would say, "But look at these huge monsters which rush along iron rails, look at these enormous birds that fly through the air, and at these lights which turn night into day! Are they not magic? You can send your voice over many miles and in an instant, and you can make a box called Graphophone speak and sing. Is not this witchcraft?"

If you stop to think about it, you will decide that the world was never so full of wonders as it is to-day. But these wonders are the result of man's invention. The modern wizards are those who have summoned the great genii, Steam and Electricity, and made them serve mankind.



JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

One of the most famous of the stories of the ancient Greeks tells of the perilous adventure of the hero, Jason, in search of the golden fleece. Many years before his time, a hugh golden ram had carried away on his back a young Grecian prince, Phrixus, and borne him to Colchis in the far East. There the prince had lived and died; but men said that his spirit would never find rest until the fleece of the golden ram was brought back to Greece.

The fleece was guarded by a terrible dragon in the dark woods of far-off Colchis. But, nothing daunted by the perils before him, Jason gathered a band of young heroes, built the ship Argo, and prepared to set out on a voyage into unknown lands and seas.

I

What happened next, my children, whether it be true or not, stands written in ancient songs, which you shall read for yourselves some day. They tell how the heroes waited for the southwest wind, and chose themselves a captain from their crew; and how all called for Hercules, because he was the strongest and most huge;

but Hercules refused, and called for Jason because he was the wisest of them all. So Jason was chosen captain: and Orpheus, the sweet musician, heaped a pile of wood, and slew a bull, and offered it to the gods, and called all the heroes to stand round, each man's head crowned with olive, and to strike their swords into the bull. Then he filled a golden goblet with the bull's blood, and with wheaten flour, and honey, and wine, and the bitter salt sea water, and bade the heroes taste. So each tasted the goblet, and passed it round, and vowed an awful vow; and they vowed before the sun, and the night, and the blue-haired sea who shakes the land, to stand by Jason faithfully, in the adventure of the golden fleece; and whosoever shrank back, or disobeyed, or turned traitor to his vow, should be tracked by evil spirits.

Then Jason lighted the pile, and burnt the carcass of the bull, and they went to their ship and sailed eastward, like men who have a work to do. Three thousand years and more ago they sailed away, into the unknown Eastern seas; and great nations have come and gone since then, and many a storm has swept the earth; and many a mighty fleet — English and French, Turkish and Russian — to which Argo would be but one small boat, have sailed those waters since; yet the fame of that small Argo lives forever, and her name is become a proverb among men.

But the Argonauts, as the adventurers on the Argo were called, went eastward, and out into the open sea which we now call the Black Sea. No Greeks had ever crossed it, and all feared that dreadful sea, and its rocks, and shoals, and fogs, and bitter freezing storms; and they told strange stories of it, how it stretched northward to the ends of the earth, and the everlasting night, and the regions of the dead. So the heroes trembled, for all their courage, as they came into that wild Black Sea, and saw it stretching out before them, without a shore, as far as eye could see.

And at day dawn they looked eastward, and midway between the sea and the sky they saw white snow peaks hanging, glittering sharp and bright above the clouds. And they knew that they were come to Caucasus, at the end of all the earth, Caucasus, the highest of all mountains, the father of the rivers of the East, at whose feet are piled dark forests round the magic Colchian land.

And they rowed three days to the eastward, while Caucasus rose higher hour by hour, till they saw a dark stream rushing headlong to the sea, and, shining above the tree tops, the golden roofs of King Æetes, the child of the sun.

Then out spoke the helmsman: "We are come to our goal at last; for there are the roofs of Æetes, and the woods where all poisons grow; but who can tell

us where among them is hid the golden fleece? Many a toil must we bear ere we find it, and bring it home to Greece."

But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold; and he said: "I will go alone up to Æetes, though he be the child of the sun, and win him with soft words. Better so than to go all together, and to come to blows at once." But his companions would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

And a dream came to Æetes, and filled his heart with fear. He thought he saw a shining star, which fell into his daughter's lap; and that Medea his daughter took it gladly, and carried it to the river side, and cast it in, and there the whirling river bore it down, and out into the Black Sea.

Then he leapt up in fear, and bade his servants bring his chariot, that he might go down to the river side and appease the nymphs, and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank. So he went down in his golden chariot, and his daughters by his side, — Medea, the fair witch maiden, and Chalciope, who had been Phrixus's wife, and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

And as he drove down by the reedy river, he saw Argo sliding up beneath the bank, and many a hero in her, like Immortals for beauty and for strength, as their weapons glittered round them in the level morn-

ing sunlight, through the white mist of the stream. But Jason was the noblest of all; for Hera, the queen of the gods, who loved him, gave him beauty and tallness and terrible manhood.

And when they came near together and looked into each other's eyes, the heroes were awed before Æetes as he shone in his chariot, like his father the glorious sun; for his robes were of rich gold tissue, and the rays of his diadem flashed fire; and in his hand he bore a jeweled scepter, which glittered like the stars; and sternly he looked at them under his brows, and sternly he spoke and loud:

"Who are you, and what want you here, that you come to this shore? Do you take no account of my rule, nor of my people, the Colchians, who serve me, who never yet tired in the battle, and know well how to face an invader?"

And the heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient king. But Hera, the awful goddess, put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer: "We are no pirates nor lawless men. We come not to plunder and to ravage, or to carry away slaves from your land; but my uncle, the Grecian king, has set me on a quest to bring home the golden fleece. And these too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men; for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. And we, too,

never tire in battle, and know well how to give blows and to take; yet we wish to be guests at your table; it will be better so for both."

Then Æetes's rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard; but he crushed his anger down in his breast, and spoke mildly a cunning speech:

"If you will fight for the fleece with my Colchians, then many a man must die. But do you indeed expect to win from me the fleece in fight? So few you are that if you be worsted, I can load your ship with your corpses. But if you will be ruled by me, you will find it better far to choose the best man among you, and let him fulfill the labors which I demand. Then I will give him the golden fleece for a prize and a glory to you all."

So saying, he turned his horses and drove back in silence to the town. And the Greeks sat silent with sorrow, and longed for Hercules and his strength; for there was no facing the thousands of the Colchians, and the fearful chance of war.

II

But Chalciope, Phrixus's widow, went weeping to the town; and she whispered to Medea her sister, "Why should all these brave men die? Why does not my father give them up the fleece, that my husband's spirit may have rest?" And Medea's heart

pitied the heroes, and Jason most of all; and she answered, "Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the golden fleece?" But Chalciope said, "These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they cannot dare and do." And Medea thought of Jason and his brave countenance, and said, "If there were one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece."

So in the dusk of evening they went down to the river side, Chalciope and Medea, the witch maiden, and Argus, Phrixus's son. And Argus the boy crept forward, among the beds of reeds, till he came where the heroes were sleeping, on the thwarts of the ship, beneath the bank, while Jason kept watch on the shore, and leaned upon his lance, full of thought. And the boy came to Jason, and said, "I am the son of Phrixus, your cousin; and Chalciope my mother waits for you, to talk about the golden fleece."

Then Jason went boldly with the boy, and found the two princesses standing; and when Chalciope saw him, she wept, and took his hands, and cried, "O cousin of my beloved, go home before you die!"

"It would be base to go home now, fair princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain." Then both the princesses besought him; but Jason said, "It is too late."

"But you know not," said Medea, "what he must

do who would win the fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls, who breathe devouring flame; and with them he must plow ere nightfall four acres in the field of the war god; and he must sow them with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight with all those warriors; and little will it profit him to conquer them; for the fleece is guarded by a serpent, more huge than any mountain pine; and over his body you must step, if you would reach the golden fleece."

Then Jason laughed bitterly. "Unjustly is that fleece kept here, and by an unjust and lawless king; and unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set."

Then Medea trembled, and said, "No mortal man can reach that fleece, unless I guide him through. For round it, beyond the river, is a wall full nine ells high, with lofty towers and mighty gates of threefold brass; and over the gates the wall is arched, with golden battlements above. And over the gateway sits Brimo, the wild witch huntress of the woods, brandishing a pine torch in her hands, while her mad hounds howl around. No man dare meet her or look on her, but only I, her priestess, and she watches far and wide lest any stranger should come near."

"No wall so high but that it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but that it may be crawled

through; no serpent so wary but that he may be charmed, or witch queen so fierce but spells may soothe her; and I may yet win the golden fleece, if a wise maiden help bold men."

And he looked at Medea cunningly, and held her with his glittering eye, till she blushed and trembled, and said, "Who can face the fire of the bulls' breath, and fight ten thousand armed men?"

"He whom you help," said Jason, flattering her, "for your fame is spread over all the earth. Are you not the queen of all enchantresses, wiser even than your sister Circe, in her fairy island in the West?"

"Would that I were with my sister Circe in her fairy island in the West, far away from sore temptation and thoughts which tear the heart! But if it must be so — for why should you die? — I have an ointment here. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword can harm you. But what you begin you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet with it before you sow the serpents' teeth; and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the deadly crop of the war god's field will mow itself, and perish."

Then Jason fell on his knees before her, and thanked

her, and kissed her hands; and she gave him the vase of ointment, and fled trembling through the reeds. And Jason told his comrades what had happened, and showed them the box of ointment; and all rejoiced.

And at sunrise Jason went and bathed, and anointed himself from head to foot, and his shield, and his helmet, and his weapons, and bade his comrades try the spell. So they tried to bend his lance, but it stood like an iron bar; and they hewed at it with their swords, but the blades flew to splinters. Then they hurled their lances at his shield, but the spear points turned like lead; and one tried to throw him, but he never stirred a foot; and another struck him with his fist, a blow which would have killed an ox; but Jason only smiled, and the heroes danced about him with delight; and he leapt, and ran, and shouted, in the joy of that enormous strength, till the sun rose, and it was time to claim Æetes's promise.

So he sent up messengers to tell Æetes that he was ready for the fight; and they went up among the marble walls, and beneath the roofs of gold, and stood in Æetes's hall, while he grew pale with rage.

"Fulfill your promise to us, child of the blazing sun. Give us the serpents' teeth, and let loose the fiery bull; for we have found a champion among us who can win the golden fleece."

And Æetes bit his lips, for he fancied that they had fled away by night; but he could not go back from his promise, so he gave them the serpents' teeth. Then he called for his chariot and his horses, and sent heralds through all the town; and all the people went out with him to the dreadful war god's field. And there Æetes sat upon his throne, with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands, clothed from head to foot in steel-chain mail. And the people and the women crowded to every window and bank and wall, while the Greeks stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host. And Chalciope was there, and Argus, trembling, and Medea, wrapped closely in her veil; but Æetes did not know that she was muttering cunning spells between her lips.

Then Jason cried, "Fulfill your promise, and let your fiery bulls come forth." Then Æetes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground, and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame, as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason; but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept round him, but it singed not a hair of his head; and the bulls stopped short and trembled, when Medea began her spell.

Then Jason sprang upon the nearest, and seized him by the horn; and up and down they wrestled, till the bull fell on his knees; for the heart of the brute died

within him, and his mighty limbs were loosed, beneath the steadfast eye of that dark witch maiden, and the magic whisper of her lips.

So both the bulls were tamed and yoked; and Jason bound them to the plow, and goaded them onward with his lance, till he had plowed the sacred field.

III

And all the Greeks shouted; but Æetes bit his lips with rage; for the half of Jason's work was over, and the sun was yet high in heaven. Then Jason took the serpents' teeth and sowed them, and waited what would befall. But Medea looked at him and at his helmet, lest he should forget the lesson she had taught.

And every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every clod rose a man. Out of the earth they rose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason, where he stood in the middle alone.

Then the Greeks grew pale with fear for him; but Æetes laughed a bitter laugh. "See! if I had not warriors enough already round me, I could call them out of the bosom of the earth."

But Jason snatched off his helmet, and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And blind madness came upon them, suspicion, hate, and fear; and one

cried to his fellow, "Thou didst strike me!" and another, "Thou art Jason; thou shalt die!" So fury seized those earth-born phantoms, and each turned his hand against the rest; and they fought and were never weary, till they all lay dead upon the ground. Then the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home into her breast; and the grass grew up all green above them, and Jason's work was done.

Then the Greeks rose and shouted, and Jason cried, "Lead me to the fleece this moment, before the sun goes down."

But Æetes thought: "He has conquered the bulls; and sown and reaped the deadly crop. Who is this who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet." So he delayed, and sat taking counsel with his princes, till the sun went down and all was dark. Then he bade a herald cry: "Every man to his home for to-night. To-morrow we will meet these heroes, and speak about the golden fleece."

Then he turned and looked at Medea. "This is your doing, false witch maid! You have helped these yellow-haired strangers, and brought shame upon your father and yourself!" Medea shrank and trembled, and her face grew pale with fear; and Æetes knew that she was guilty, and whispered, "If they win the fleece, you die!"

But the Greeks marched toward their ship, growling like lions cheated of their prey; for they saw that Æetes meant to mock them, and to cheat them out of all their toil. And they said, "Let us go to the grove together, and take the fleece by force." And one rash prince cried, "Let us draw lots who shall go in first; for while the dragon is devouring one, the rest can slay him, and carry off the fleece in peace." But Jason held them back, though he praised them; for he hoped for Medea's help.

And after a while Medea came trembling, and wept a long while before she spoke. And at last: "My end is come, and I must die; for my father has found out that I have helped you. You he would kill if he dared; but he will not harm you, because you have been his guests. Go then, go, and remember poor Medea when you are far away across the sea."

But all the heroes cried, "If you die, we die with you; for without you we cannot win the fleece, and home we will not go without it, but fall here fighting to the last man."

"You need not die," said Jason. "Flee home with us across the sea. Show us first how to win the fleece; for you can do it. Why else are you the priestess of the grove? Show us but how to win the fleece, and come with us, and you shall be my queen, and rule over the rich princes of the Greeks, in my country by the sea."

Medea wept, and hid her face in her hands; for her heart yearned after her sisters and her playfellows and the home where she was brought up as a child. But at last she looked up at Jason, and spoke between her sobs:

"Must I leave my home and my people, to wander with strangers across the sea? The lot is cast, and I must endure it. I will show you how to win the golden fleece. Bring up your ship to the wood side, and moor her there against the bank; and let Jason come up at midnight, and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall."

Then all the heroes cried together, "I will go!" "And I!" But Medea calmed them, and said, "Orpheus shall go with Jason, and bring his magic harp; for I hear of him that he is the king of all minstrels, and can charm all things on earth." And Orpheus laughed for joy, and clapped his hands, because the choice had fallen on him; for in those days poets and singers were as bold warriors as the best.

So at midnight they went up the bank, and found Medea; and besides came her young brother, leading a yearling lamb. Then Medea brought them to a thicket, beside the war god's gate; and there she bade Jason dig a ditch, and kill the lamb and leave it there, and strew on it magic herbs and honey from the honeycomb.

Then sprang up through the earth, with the red fire flashing before her, Brimo, the wild witch huntress, while her mad hounds howled around. She had one head like a horse's, and another like a hound's, and another like a hissing snake's, and a sword in either hand. And she leapt into the ditch with her hounds, and they ate and drank their fill, while Jason and Orpheus trembled, and Medea hid her eyes. And at last the witch queen vanished, and fled with her hounds into the woods; and the bars of the gates fell down, and the brazen doors flew wide, and Medea and the heroes ran forward and hurried through the poison wood, among the dark stems of the mighty beeches, guided by the gleam of the golden fleece, until they saw it hanging on one vast tree in the midst. And Jason would have sprung to seize it, but Medea held him back, and pointed shuddering to the tree foot, where the mighty serpent lay, coiled in and out among the roots, with a body like a mountain pine. His coils stretched many a fathom, spangled with bronze and gold; and half of him they could see, but no more, for the rest lay in the darkness far beyond.

And when he saw them coming, he lifted up his head, and watched them with his small bright eyes, and flashed his forked tongue, and roared like the fire among the woodlands, till the forest tossed and groaned. But Medea called him gently to her; and he stretched

out his long spotted neck, and licked her hand, and looked up in her face, as if to ask for food. Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song.

And as he sung, the forest grew calm again, and the leaves on every tree hung still; and the serpent's head sank down, and his brazen coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child.

Then Jason leapt forward warily, and stepped across that mighty snake, and tore the fleece from off the tree trunk; and the four rushed down the garden, to the bank where Argo lay.

There was a silence for a moment, while Jason held the golden fleece on high. Then he cried, "Go now, good Argo, swift and steady, if ever you would see home again."

And she went, as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, with muffled oars, till the pine-wood bent like willow in their hands, and stout Argo groaned beneath their strokes.

Into the surge they rushed, and Argo leapt the breakers like a horse, till the heroes stopped all panting, each man upon his oar, as she slid into the still, broad sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp and sang a pæan, till the heroes' hearts rose high again; and they rowed on stoutly and steadfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: *The Greek Heroes.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. What was the golden fleece? 2. Where was it? 3. Why did the heroes wish to bring it to Greece? 4. Whom did they choose as their leader? 5. What was the name of their ship? 6. Trace their voyage on a map. 7. What is said about the Caucasus Mountains? 8. Why were they called "the end of all the earth"? "the father of the rivers of the East"? 9. Who was Æetes? Hera? 10. Describe the meeting between Jason and Æetes.

II. 1. Who was Medea? 2. Why did she have pity for the Greek heroes? 3. What tasks must be performed by the hero who would win the golden fleece? 4. Describe the meeting between Jason and Medea. 5. What enchantments did Medea work? 6. How was the magic ointment tested? 7. Who was Circe? 8. Do you know any story about her? 9. Describe Jason's encounter with the fiery bulls.

III. 1. Describe the sowing of the serpents' teeth. 2. How did the first day of Jason's trial end? 3. How did Æetes threaten Medea? 4. What did Jason propose to Medea? 5. What did she decide to do? 6. How was the serpent tamed? 7. Do you recall any other story of a musician with magical power? any other stories of witch-maidens? of heroes who kill serpents? 8. What qualities did the Greek heroes show?

For Study with the Glossary: I. carcass, appeased, diadem, ravage, worsted, corpses. II. ells, enchantress, anoint, champion. III. phantom, herald, warily, minstrel, pæan.

Proper Names: Jason, Orpheus, Argonauts, Æetes, Medea, Chalciope, Hero, Phrixus, Argus, Brimo, Circe.

Review Questions. 1. The men who went to California when gold was first discovered there were called Argonauts. Why? 2. What other things besides gold have men sought for over the whole face of the earth? 3. What can you tell of the discoverers of America? 4. What of the voyages to find the North Pole? 5. Have you read of the marvelous voyages of Ulysses? of Sindbad?

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

In the mountains of Stiria there was a valley so wonderfully fertile that it was known as the Treasure Valley. From one of the mountain peaks which surrounded the valley a stream fell in a beautiful waterfall that caught the light of the setting sun so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was known as the Golden River, but neither this stream nor any other of the mountain torrents ever overflowed the sheltered valley which had rain and sun and pleasant winds. This valley was the property of three brothers, Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder, were skillful farmers, but harsh, cruel men who were generally known by the nickname of the "Black Brothers." Little Gluck, who was only twelve years old, was as kind and generous as his brothers were ugly and selfish; and in consequence he was much abused by them.

One day a strange old gentleman sought refuge from a storm in the house of the three brothers. Gluck was alone and received the strange guest kindly; but when the two black brothers returned, they punished Gluck and drove the guest out into the storm. Some time afterwards, the queer looking guest returned again; this time in the midst of a storm that was bringing ruin to the

whole valley. The queer old gentleman announced that this was his last visit, and left his card on which was engraved SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

I

HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

When Southwest Wind, Esquire, entered the Treasure Valley and destroyed the property of Gluck's cruel brothers, he vowed that it should be his last visit, and he was as good as his word. What was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct.

No rain fell in the valley from one year's end to the other. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless estates in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to

Hans as they entered the large city. "It is a good trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two older brothers, whenever they sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go out and spend money for their own pleasure.

So they melted all their gold without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was fond of and would not have parted with for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water.

The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into and mixed with a beard of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face of the reddest gold imaginable, right in front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the

side of these eyes. When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and went to the inn, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars when it was ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially the peak from which fell the Golden River.

It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain tops all crimson and purple with the sunset. There were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering above them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck, aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody to be seen. He looked round the room and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking that there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now, very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft, running melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment, "Lala-lira-la."

All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded nearer the

furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he heard aright — it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room with his hands up and his mouth open for a minute or two, when the singing stopped and the voice became clear and distinct.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface was as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out!"

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say!" said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream there came out first a pair of little yellow legs, then some coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend the mug — all of which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor in the shape of a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood looking at him in speechless amazement.

He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture that the prismatic colors gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant doublet his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground in waving curls so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended — they seemed to melt into the air. The features of the face, however, were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he fixed his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him for a minute or two.

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt manner of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the melting-pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck was not inclined to dispute it.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly indeed.

"No," said the dwarf; "no, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his eyes, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his great amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River."

Whereupon he turned about and took two more turns some six feet long. After which he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," he stammered.

"Listen," said the little man, without deigning to reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you!

"Whosoever shall climb to the top of the mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one, failing at first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will instantly become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling, — a blaze of intense light, — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him. "Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! My mug! My mug!"

II

How Mr. Hans Set Off on an Expedition to the Golden River and How He Prospered Therein

The King of the Golden River had hardly made this extraordinary exit before Schwartz and Hans came into the house. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate made them so angry that they beat Gluck until they were tired, and then dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again till their arms were tired, and then went to bed.

In the morning, however, when he repeated the story, the two brothers began to believe him. After wrangling a long time over the knotty question of which of them should try his fortune first, they drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding that they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape and hide himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and thrown into prison till he could pay the fine.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River.

How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give holy water to such a wicked man. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, poured the holy water into a stone flask, put some bread and meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his Alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeking out of the bars and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans. "Have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth in rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and, advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek, for level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains — their lower cliffs in pale, gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color

along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine.

Far above shot up red splintered masses of rocks, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and far beyond and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised on surmounting them to find that a large glacier, of whose existence he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life.

The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its

chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally in drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain.

The ice was cracked and broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, looked like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious expression about all their outlines — a strange resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lights played and floated about the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler, while his ear grew dull and his head dizzy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters.

These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food when he was crossing the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating

some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of greed he resumed his journey to the source of the Golden River.

His way lay straight up a ridge of bare rocks, without a blade of grass to relieve the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless and penetrated with heat. Intense heat was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may at least cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask and was raising it to his lips when his eye fell on an object on the rock beside him. He thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, and its limbs extended lifelessly. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the

hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ear; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment.

Another hour passed, and again he looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again as he did so, something moved in the path before him. It was a fair child stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank a part of the water in his flask, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up the mountain side.

Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying!"

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body and

darted on. A flash of blue lightning rose out of the east shaped like a sword. It shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook the crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry, and the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

ONE BLACK STONE.

III

How Mr. Schwartz Set Off on an Expedition to the Golden River, and How He Prospered Therein

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously, alone in the house, for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then

Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must have certainly been turned into a black stone; he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly, and so long every day that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said that he should have some of the gold of the river; but Gluck only begged that he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money and bought the water. Then Schwartz was sure that it was all quite right. So he got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, took some bread and meat in a basket, put the water in a flask, and set off for the mountain.

Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze

hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. As Schwartz climbed the steep rocky path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted the flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't enough for myself," and passed on.

As he went he thought the sunbeams became dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and he heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade before his eyes, and he looked up, and behold, a mist of the color of blood had come over the sun, and the bank of the black cloud had risen very high. Its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of an angry sea, casting long shadows which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour. Again his thirst returned, and as he lifted his flask to his lips he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him. As he gazed the figure stretched his arms to him and cried for water. "Ah, ah!" laughed

Schwartz; "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! Do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you?*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. When he had gone a few yards farther he looked back, but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. The bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning; waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. The sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood, a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments and scattering them far into the darkness.

When Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire. The roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. And as he did so the lightning glared in his eyes, the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. The moaning of the river rose wildly into the night as it gushed over

IV

How Little Gluck Set Off on an Expedition to the Golden River, and How He Prospered Therein

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him little money. So after a month or two Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck put some bread and the bottle of water into his basket, and set off very early for the mountain.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass after he got over, and he began to climb the hill in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he was thirsty, and was going to drink, when he saw an

old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water!" Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only, pray, don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and some grasshoppers began singing upon the bank; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and his thirst increased so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer, and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, — bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft bell gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. Crimson and purple butterflies darted

hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. As he was hanging the flask to his belt again he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath — just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "No one can succeed except in his first attempt," and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again.

"Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eyes turned on him so mournfully that he could not bear it. "Confound the king and his gold, too!" said Gluck; and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

Immediately the little dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eye became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be

frightened; it's all right;" for Gluck stopped amazed at this unlooked-for reply to his last remark. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending those brothers of yours for me to have

the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel?" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose that I am going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir, — your Majesty, I mean, — they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the weary and dying is unholy, and only the water which is found in the vessels of mercy is holy."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked the lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. He shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed!"

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air — the monarch had evaporated.

Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened, where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed because the river not only was not turned

into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity, yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley.

As he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. When he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the Golden River was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed over the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, while thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. Thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; and for him the river became a river of gold, according to the dwarf's promise.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River underground until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. At the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be

seen Two Black Stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley the Black Brothers.

Abridged from JOHN RUSKIN: *The King of the Golden River.*

HELPS TO STUDY

I. 1. Find Stiria (or Styria) on your map of Austria. 2. What effect did the Southwest Wind have on Treasure Valley? 3. What trade did the "Black Brothers" turn to? 4. Describe Gluck's drinking mug. 5. What did Gluck see from the window? 6. Tell how the mug was changed into a dwarf. 7. Describe the dwarf. 8. Who did he say he was? 9. What secret did he tell to Gluck? 10. How did the king disappear?

II. 1. How did Gluck's story affect his brothers? 2. How did Hans obtain the holy water? 3. What is a glacier? 4. Tell of Hans's experience in crossing the glacier. 5. What chances did Hans have to help others on his way up the mountain? 6. What happened to him when he reached the Golden River? 7. Select several passages which describe the mountain scenery.

III. 1. How did Gluck get Schwartz out of prison? 2. How did Schwartz obtain the holy water? 3. What chances to help others did he have? 4. What happened when he refused water to the child? 5. What changes of cloud and mist took place when he refused water to the old man? 6. What did the sky look like when Schwartz refused his brother? 7. What happened to Schwartz at the Golden River?

IV. 1. How did Gluck obtain the holy water? 2. How did he fare in crossing the glacier? 3. What chances did he have to

help others? 4. How did he respond to each request for water? 5. Describe his meeting with the king. 6. What happened to him at the Golden River? 7. What change had taken place in the river? in Treasure Valley? 8. What vice had caused the ruin of the Valley? 9. What virtue restored it?

For Study with the Glossary: I. effectually, adverse skies, exquisite, sauntered disconsolately, precipice, crucible, akimbo, prismatic. II. knotty question, vespers, glacier, fantastic, traverse, panic terror, indomitable, bodily fatigue. III. lowering, zenith, spiry lightning. IV. evaporated, emerges.

Review Questions. 1. What boys have you read about in this Reader? 2. Which of them could be called heroes? 3. What resemblances do you find between Gluck and little Wolff? 4. Of what other heroic deeds by children have you ever heard?

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900) was one of the great English writers of the last century. The King of the Golden River was written when he was in college for a girl of twelve, whom he afterward married. As a boy he had frequently traveled in the Alps and seen places similar to those described in the story. Throughout his life he was a lover of the mountains as he was a lover of all beautiful places and objects. His books are full of vivid descriptions of the beautiful things in art and nature. But as he grew older one thing aroused his interest even more than noble pictures or buildings or mountains — the welfare of his countrymen. He spent a large fortune in efforts to aid the poor, and he wrote many books to awaken his readers to the need of better and simpler conditions of living in England. He was even greater as a reformer and teacher than as an art critic. One of his best-known books, *Sesame and Lilies*, contains some of his wisest teaching in a form you will enjoy reading.

THE ERL-KING

Oh, who rides by night through the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! see yonder!" he says.
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"
"Oh, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of cloud."

The Erl-King

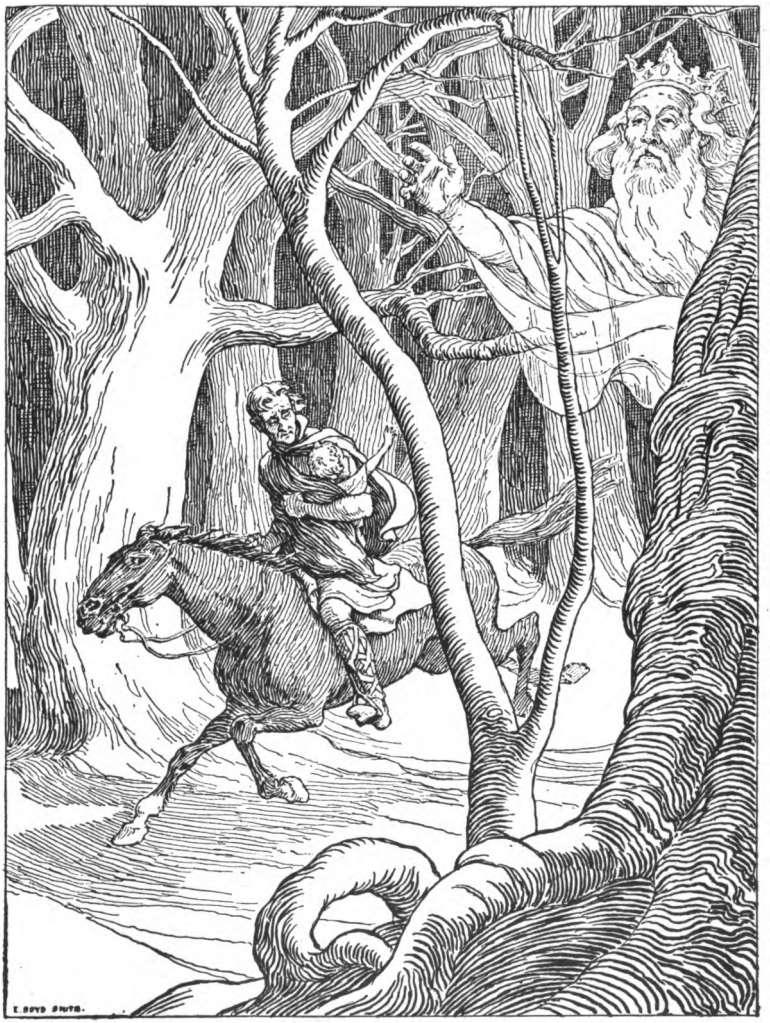
Oh, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled;
My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy.

The Child

O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?

The Father

Be still, my heart's darling — my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung through the trees.



OH, 'TIS THE ERL-KING WITH HIS CROWN AND HIS SHROUD.

The Erl-King

O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro' wild,
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child.

The Child

O father, my father, and saw you not plain
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the rain?

The Father

O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon.

The Erl-King

O come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away.

The Child

O father! O father! now, now, keep your hold,
The Erl-king has seized me — his grasp is so cold!

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread, —
But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was dead.

Translated by Sir Walter Scott from the German by Johann Wolfgang Goethe.

HELPS TO STUDY

The German people have many stories of the Erl-King, a goblin who lives in the forests and lures children to destruction. This is a translation by Walter Scott of a well-known poem by the greatest of German poets.

1. What picture does the first stanza make in your mind? 2. Who are supposed to be speaking in the poem? 3. Do you know any other story of children lured from their parents by magic power? (See p. 222.) 4. For what does the father mistake the "Erl-King and his shroud"? 5. For what does he mistake the Erl-King's whisper? his pale daughter? 6. Do you see any likeness between this poem and the "Wreck of the Hesperus" (p. 64)?

Who are the great wonder workers of the world? The great discoverers like Balboa, De Soto, and Columbus, who find new continents and new oceans, they have certainly made the world wonder. The great inventors, as Franklin, who proved that lightning and electricity were the same; Morse, who invented the telegraph; Edison, who invented the electric light and the phonograph; Marconi, who invented wireless telegraphy, and many others, these surely were magicians. The painters and musicians who created beautiful pictures and music, they too were weavers of enchantments. And the great writers who have created stories of men and women whom all the world has read about and wondered over, — these have built Aladdin's palaces for our imaginations.

Is there anything more wonderful than reading and writing? By means of twenty-six little letters there is built up a great universe of ideas and feelings and persons. In the magic world of books you are sailing like Jason on voyages of discovery, and finding new lands and new peoples. What magic has gone into the making of the stories and poems in this book! The next and last selection is a story of the greatest magician of them all — Shakespeare.

THE STORY OF "THE TEMPEST"

I

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell made out of a rock. It was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic.

The knowledge of this art he found very useful to him, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival. Prospero, by his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite, Ariel, had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban,

the son of his old enemy, Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape; he took him home to his cell and taught him to speak.

Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother, Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful. Therefore, he was employed to fetch wood and do the hard work.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel — who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's — would come slyly and pinch him and sometimes tumble him down in the mire. Then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him; then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

"Oh, my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad

distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said: "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered: "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda. "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero,

"I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and, as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother, for so, indeed, he proved.

"I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried myself among my books. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom. This he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without either sail or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books, which I prize above my dukedom."

"Oh, my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now, pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm."

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Prospero now gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest and how he had disposed of the ship's company. Though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse — as would seem to her — with the empty air.

II

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son,

Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost.

"But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured; and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where are the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew, not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now?" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot

the wicked witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy, was almost bent double?

"Because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do. Away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"Oh, my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me."

He then began singing:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince. He followed in amazement the sound of

Ariel's voice till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"Oh, Father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise,

"surely that is a spirit. How it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship; he is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the

appearance of this beautiful young prince. Ferdinand thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had, as we say, fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way.

Therefore he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy.

"Follow me," said Prospero; "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea water; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food."

"No," said Ferdinand drawing his sword, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy." But Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying: "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence!" said the father, "one word more will

make me chide you, girl. What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban."

This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand. Not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell. He soon brought out his prisoner and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him; and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used

to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue.

"Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"Oh, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while."

But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them, invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience; for, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened, well pleased, to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied: "I do

not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

Then Ferdinand told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah, sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then, as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise."

III

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what

he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear.

When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet; and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a monster with wings, and the feast vanished away.

Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea, saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old

Gonzalo wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, the preserver of his life. Then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio.

Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too," and opening a door showed him his son, Ferdinand, playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"Oh, wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished

at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been.

"Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much. Of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness!"

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended."

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

"In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your

evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island."

He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order. The company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who was the only attendant Prospero had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers.

"My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom."

"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales. Then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!"

Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. Nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand. Under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they soon arrived at Naples.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB: *Tales from Shakespeare.*

HELPS TO STUDY

In Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays there are over one thousand persons. Most of them are so lifelike that we speak of them as if they were our acquaintances and friends. Many of the plays tell of events of history, of wars, and kings and courts; but Shakespeare's imagination was not confined to the real world and he sometimes carries us to the realms of fairies and enchantments. In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, a play written when he was a young man, he takes us to fairyland and shows us the king and queen of the fairies. In the *Tempest*, written at the end of his career, he created a wonderful enchanted island of which you are told in this selection. Some English ships on their way to Virginia had been shipwrecked on the Bermuda islands, and the reports of their experience gave Shakespeare hints for his island with its marvels and spirits.

Charles Lamb and his sister Mary were two of the most likeable people that ever lived. There was much trouble and suffering in their lives, but when they were well no one could be more cheery and kindly. They lived together and had the same likes

and dislikes; or, rather, they liked nearly everything, books, plays, games, city streets, old china, and especially children. Mary Lamb had the happy idea of writing out the stories of Shakespeare's plays so that they would be interesting to boys and girls. With the help of her brother she wrote the *Tales from Shakespeare*, which make a sort of introduction or gateway through which you can enter into the enjoyment of the plays themselves.

I. 1. What persons lived on the enchanted island? 2. What is told of Miranda in the first paragraph? 3. Where was their dwelling? 4. What spirits lived on the island? 5. Tell something of the history of Ariel. 6. Of Caliban. 7. How did Ariel torment Caliban? 8. How did Miranda feel about the ship tossed by the storm? 9. Retell the story which Prospero told Miranda. 10. Who was Antonio? the King of Naples? Gonzalo? 11. Where were they brought by the magic of Prospero?

II. 1. Who was Ferdinand? 2. What report did Ariel bring of him? 3. What request did Ariel make of Prospero? 4. What promise did Prospero make to Ariel? 5. Describe in your own words a "melancholy posture." 6. Commit to memory the dirge which Ariel sang. 7. What did Miranda think of Ferdinand? 8. What did Ferdinand think of Miranda? 9. How did Prospero treat Ferdinand? 10. What came of Ferdinand's carrying logs?

III. 1. What tricks had Ariel been playing on Antonio and the King of Naples? 2. How were they led to repentance? 3. Describe their interview with Prospero. 4. What surprise had Prospero for the king? 5. What did Miranda say when she saw the king and all his courtiers? 6. Learn the song

with which Ariel celebrated his liberty. 7. How does the story of the enchanted island end?

For Study with the Glossary: melancholy posture, constancy, harpy, Providence, uncouth, convoy.

Persons: Prospero, Miranda, Sycorax, Ariel, Caliban, Antonio, Gonzalo, Ferdinand.

Review Questions: 1. In this Reader you have read of many wonderful persons. Of what magicians? what goddesses? what elves and fairies? 2. What do you remember about Aladdin's lamp? about the ointment that Medea gave to Jason? 3. Tell of some things with which you are familiar today which would have seemed magic to Shakespeare. 4. Describe some of the wonders accomplished by electricity. 5. Can you think of anything which is quicker than Ariel? 6. What is there wonderful about writing and reading? 7. Who are some of the great writers whose acquaintance you have made in this reader? 8. In what way was Shakespeare a magician?

GLOSSARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The diacritical marks employed are those used in Webster's New International Dictionary.

An unmarked vowel is a slighted short vowel, usually unaccented.

ā as in fate
ă as in fat
â as in fare
ä as in father

ē as in me
ĕ as in met
ẽ as in her

ī as in bite
ĭ as in bit

ō as in hole
ŏ as in hot
ô as in lost or as in fall

o͞o as in room
o͝o as in foot

ū as in pure
ŭ as in but
û the same as ẽ

d͡ū as in verdure
ŋ (ng) as in think

t͟h as in breathe
t͡ū as in nature

GLOSSARY

abandon (a băn′ don), leave behind.
abashed (a băsht′), confused, ashamed.
abated (a bāt′ ed), lessened, gone down.
abbey (ăb′ i), a convent or monastery.
aboon (a bo͞on′), above; not often used.
Abou ben Adhem (ä′ boo bĕn ä′ dem).
Abruzzo (ä bro͞ot′ sō), a part of Italy.
acclamations (ak la mā′ shunz), loud shouting, applause.
accord (ă kôrd′), harmony, agreement.
accouterments (a ko͞o′ tẽr ments), a soldier's equipment, such as a belt, a pouch, and so on.
accusing (a kūz′ ing), blaming.
address (a drĕs′), speak to.
adept (a dĕpt′), a skilled person.
adieu (a dū′; *Fr.* a dyû′), the French word for good-by.
ado (a do͞o′), disturbance, fuss.
Adrian van der Werf (ä′ dri än vän dẽr vĕrf′).
adversary (ăd′ vẽr sā ri), the one on the opposite side, a rival.
adverse (ăd′ vẽrs), unfriendly, hostile.
advocate (ad′ vō kāt), one who takes the side of another, a lawyer.
adze (ădz), ax, edged tool.
Æetes (ē ē′ tez).
affected (a fĕk′ ted), pretended.
affections (af fĕk′ shunz), love.
afflicted (a flĭkt′ ed), troubled.
aghast (a găst′), horrified, struck with sudden terror.
aisle (īl), the long passage of a church.
akimbo (a kĭm′ bō), with the hands on the hips.
Aladdin (a lăd′ in).
all-horrent (hôr′ ent), all bristling.
Alsace (al säs′), a part of France taken from her by the Germans.
alternately (ôl tẽr′ nāt li), in turn, first one and then the other.
amain (a mān′), with a great deal of force or strength.
amends (a mĕndz′), return, satisfaction.
amicable (ăm′ i ka b'l), friendly.
ammunition (am ū nĭsh′ un), powder, shot, cannon balls.
an (ăn), if, an old-time word.
angle (ăŋ′ g'l), a sharp corner.
angular (ăŋ′ gū lär), sharp, pointed.
annihilates (a nī′ hi lāts), destroys, turns to nothing.
annul (a nŭl′), to cancel, to put an end to.
anoint (a noint′), to rub with oil or ointment.
antagonist (an tag′ o nist), opponent.
anthems (ăn′ themz), songs.
anticipate (an tis′ i pāt) go before, foretell.
Antonio (An tō′ ni o).
apparel (a păr′ el), clothing, garments.
appease (a pēz′), to sooth, to quiet.
Appomattox (ăp o măt′ oks), a village in Virginia where a battle in the Civil War was fought.
arcade (ăr kād′), an arched passage, open on one side.
Argo (är′ gō).
Argonauts (är′ gō nôts).
Argus (är′ gus).
Ariel (ā′ ri el).
armada (är mā′ da), a Spanish word meaning a fleet.
ascertaining (as ser tān′ ing), finding out.
askance (a skăns′), looking out of the corner of the eye.
Atri (ä′ trē), a town in Italy.
attest (a tĕst′), proclaim, bear witness to.

attributed to (a trĭb′ ūt ed), ascribed to, blamed upon.
aureole (ô′ rē ōl), a circle of gold rays.
avaricious (av a rĭsh′ us), stingy, greedy for money.
aversion (a vĕr′ zhun), dislike, unwillingness.
avert (a vûrt′), prevent.
aye and anon (ā), time after time.

Badroul-boudour (ba drōōl′ boo door′).
baldric (bôl′drik), a belt of silk, richly ornamented, worn over one shoulder.
balk (bôk), defeat, escape from.
bamboo (băm bōō′), a huge grass that grows in hot climates.
banditti (băn dĭt′ ĭ), robbers who attack people out-of-doors, brigands.
barb (bärb), horse.
barrack (băr′ ak), a house for soldiers.
base (bās), mean, vile.
basking (băsk′ ing), enjoying themselves.
battalions (ba tăl′ yunz), a body of soldiers.
battery (băt′ ēr i), a number of cannon arranged for use in battle.
battle blade, sword.
battlement (băt′ l ment), a wall at the top of a building with openings to shoot from.
Baudricourt (bō dri cōōr′).
bay (bā), stand ; used of a deer when he has to turn and face the hunters, p. 41.
beastie (bēs′ ti), a little animal.
bedight (be dīt′), trimmed.
bedizened (be dĭz′ nd), trimmed or ornamented too much.
beguiled (bē gīld′), amused.
Berlin (bĕr lin′), the capital of Germany.
bill, a notice:
Blenheim (blen′ hĭm), a village in Bavaria.
blushing goblet, a goblet full of red wine.
boding tremblers (bōd′ ing trem′ b'lĕrz), trembling boys who foresaw that something unpleasant was going to happen, p. 17.
Boisot (bwä zō′).
bolts of heaven, thunder, thunder bolts.
Borgia (bôr′ jä).
bows (bouz), the rounding fore part of a ship.
box, trunk, p. 251.
brake (brāk), bushes or tall ferns.
brandishing (brăn′ dish ing), shaking.
brave in ribbons, gay with ribbons, p. 269.
brave world, a magnificent world, p. 363.
breach (brēch′), opening.
breaking up the land, plowing open the land that has never been cultivated, p. 141.
breeks (brēks), breeches, a word used in Scotland.
brigade (bri gād′), a body of soldiers consisting of several regiments.
Brimo (brē′ mō).
brindled (brĭn′ d'ld), streaked with a darker color.
brink (brĭnk), edge, margin.
brunt (brŭnt), burden.
buccaneer (buk a nēr′), sea-robber, pirate.
buck (bŭk), the male deer.
bugle (bū′g'l), a wind instrument used by hunters and by soldiers.
bulged (bŭljd), swelled.
bull dogs, a football term meaning rushers ; used in this sense in England only.
bulletin board (bo͝ol′ e tin), a board to put notices on.
bullion (bo͝ol′ yun), gold or silver in the mass, uncoined.
burgesses (bŭr′ jes ez), the citizens of a town.
burgomaster (bŭr′ gō mas′ tĕr), mayor or chief ruler of a city, used in Holland.

cable's length (kāb'l), about 600 feet, p. 65.
caldron (kôl′ dron), a large kettle or boiler.
Caliban (kăl′ i ban).
carcass (kär′ kas), dead body.
carded wool (kärd′ ed), wool that has been combed out but not spun, p. 67.
carol (kăr′ ol), a song of joy.

carry single or double, carry one or two persons on his back.
cataract (kăt′ a ract), waterfall.
Caucasus (kô′ ka sŭs), the mountains between the Black and the Caspian seas.
Chalciope (kal sī′ o pē).
Cham (chăm), the ruler of Tartary.
champion (chăm′ pi on), a man who fights for others.
Chancellorsville (chan′ sel orz vil), a place in Virginia where a battle of the Civil War was fought.
chariot (chăr′ i ot), a car or carriage.
chase (chās), the hunters, p. 40.
chasm (kaz′m), a gap or deep opening.
cherub (chĕr′ub), angel.
chess (ches), a game played on a board, with king, queen, castles, knights, bishops, and pawns or soldiers.
Chickahominy (chik a hŏm′ i ni), a river in Virginia near which several battles in the Civil War were fought.
chide (chīd), rebuke, reprove.
Chinon (shē nôn′), a town in France.
chivalry (shĭv′ al ri), counts and barons and other men of high rank, p. 120; knights of noble character, p. 176.
chopfallen (chŏp′ fôl′n), discouraged, silenced.
christen (krĭs′ 'n), to baptize a person and give a name to him.
Christiana (kris chi ăn′ a), the wife of Christian, who is the hero of *Pilgrim's Progress*.
Christmas boxes, an English phrase meaning Christmas presents.
churl (churl), a rough or disobliging person.
Circe (sûr′ sē).
circular (sûr′ kū lar), round.
circumference (sûr kŭm′ fĕr ens), all the way around.
circumstance (sûr′ kum stans), event, happening.
cleft (klĕft), narrow opening.
clipper (klĭp′ ĕr), a fast-sailing ship.
clout (klout), the center of the target.
cocking his hat, turning up the brim of his hat, p. 215.
Colchians (kŏl′ ki ans), the inhabitants of Colchis.
Colchis (kŏl′ kis).
combative (kŏm′ bat iv), loving to fight.
comfortable circumstances (ser′ kum stanses), not poor but not very rich.
commodities (ko mŏd′ i tiz), goods, wares.
commonly (kŏm′ un li), usually.
community (kŏ mū′ ni tĭ), the people of the town or district.
compasses (kŭm′ pas ez), a tool used in drawing circles.
compassion (kom păsh′ un), pity.
compensated (kŏm′ pen sāt ed), rewarded, repaid.
competitor (kom pet′ i tor), rival, adversary.
compounded (kom pound′ ed), mixed.
concentered (kon sĕn′ tĕrd), wholly centered or brought together.
conclave (kŏn′ klāv), meeting, assembly.
concludes (kon klo͞odz′), supposes.
confidentially (kon fi den′ shal i), in secret.
confound (kon found′), never mind, a kind of "swear word."
con over their tasks (kŏn), study their lessons, p. 12.
conserve (kon serv′), preserves.
constable (kŭn′ stā b'l), an officer whose business is to keep the peace.
constancy (kŏn′ stan si), determination, firmness.
consternation (kon stĕr nā′ shun), fright, terror.
contesting (kon test′ ing), disputing, striving for.
contract (kŏn′ trakt), a written agreement.
converse (kŏn′ vûrs), conversation.
convoy (kŏn′ voi), protection.
convulsedly (kon vŭls′ ed li), in an excited way.
copper (kŏp′ pĕr), copper kettle.
Corporation (kôr po rā′ shun), aldermen, who help the mayor rule a city, p 223.

corpse (kôrps), dead body.
corpses (kôrps′ ez), dead bodies.
corsairs (kôr′ sârz), pirates, sea-robbers.
Cossack (kos′ ak), a horse-soldier from the southern or eastern part of Russia.
cot (cŏt), a small house or cottage.
couch (kouch), lie down.
counterfeited glee (koun′ tẽr fit ed glē), pretended amusement, p. 17.
crack on his crown, a blow on his head, p. 51.
crave (krāv), beg, entreat.
credulity (krē dū′ li ty), too much trustfulness.
crests (krĕsts), the foamy tops of waves.
crevice (krĕv′ is), a crack or gap.
Crœsus (krē′ sus).
cropped (krŏpt), cut off or bitten off.
croup (krōōp), the part of the horse behind the saddle.
crucible (krōō′ si b'l), melting pot.
curé (kū rā′), a French parish priest.
Cyrus (sī′ rus).

Dauphin (dô′ fin; *Fr.* dō fan′) the oldest son of the king of France and the heir to the throne.
dead of night, midnight.
deal box (dēl bŏks), a box made of the wood of fir or pine.
declension (dē klĕn′ shun), going down, p. 271.
decorated (dĕk′ o rāted), trimmed, adorned.
decrees (dē krēz), orders, commands.
deducting (de dŭkt′ ing), taking away, leaving out.
deem (dēm), think.
deface (de fās′), disfigure, injure.
defer (dē fẽr′), put off, delay.
deference (dĕf′ er ens), a courteous and respectful manner.
defiance (de fī′ ans), impudence, insolence, bravado.
deigning (dān′ ing), thinking it worth while, condescending.
deliberation (de lib ẽr ā′ shun), slowness, thoughtfulness.
delicate (del′ i kāt), fine, dainty, charming.
destined (dĕs′ tind), intended.
detour (de tōōr′), a roundabout way.
dexterity (deks tĕr′ i ti), skill.
diadem (dī′ a dem), a crown.
dilate (dī lāt′), to enlarge upon, to say a great deal about.
diminished (di mĭn′ ishd), decreased, became less.
diminutive (di mĭn′ ū tiv), extremely small.
dingy (dĭn′ ji), dirty, of a brownish color.
disasters (diz ăs′ tẽrz), misfortunes, calamities.
disconcerted (dis kon sûrt′ ed), confused, troubled.
disconsolately (dis kŏn′ so lāt li), sadly.
discreet (dis krēt′), careful, prudent.
disengage (dis en gāj′), to free, to loose.
dismal tidings (dĭs′ mal tīd′ ings), bad news, p. 17.
dismantled (dis măn′ t'ld), with guns and other means of defense destroyed.
distinguishable (dis tĭŋ′ guish a b'l), that can be separated or distinguished.
distorted (dis tôrt′ ed), twisted.
ditty (dĭt′ i), poem, song.
doe (dō), the female deer.
does (dōz), the plural of doe.
dolts (dōlts), fools, stupid people.
Domeneddio (do men ed dē′ ō), God.
Domremy (dôn rā mē′), the French village where Joan of Arc was born.
donned (dŏnd), put on.
doublet (dŭb′ let), a kind of jacket worn with a belt.
drysaltery (dri′ sôlt ẽr y), dried and salted meats.
Duc d'Alençon (dūk dā lon sôn′).
duly (dū′ li), properly.
dun (dŭn), dark or brownish.
dungeon (dŭn′ jun), a dark underground prison.

eagre (ē gẽr), a huge wave in a river.
ecstasy (ĕk′ sta si), great joy, rapture.
eddying (ĕd′ i ing), moving round and round.

e'en (ēn), short for even.
effected (ef fĕkt' ed), accomplished, performed.
effectually (ef fek' tu al i), thoroughly, to good effect.
eked (ēkt), added to, increased.
elevations (el e vā' shunz), hills, hillocks.
Elfland (ĕlf' land), fairyland.
ell (ĕl), about three feet.
emerges (ē mĕrj' ez), comes out.
enchanted (en chănt' ed), inhabited by spirits or under a spell.
enchantress (en chăn' tres,) a witch, a woman who can use magic.
engagements (en gāj' ments), employments, work, p. 97.
engaging (en gāj' ing), promising.
enjoined (en joind'), ordered.
enormous (ē nôr' mus), huge, very large.
enterprise (ĕn' tẽr prīz), boldness, energy.
equinoctial (ē kwi nŏk' shal), in autumn or spring, when the days and the nights are of about the same length.
equipped (ē kwĭpt'), supplied, fitted out.
Erl-King (ĕrl), a spirit that harms children.
ermine (ẽr' min), a white fur dotted with black, used to adorn the robes of dignified persons.
Esquire (es kwīr'), a title meaning nearly the same as Mr.
establishment (es tăb' lish ment), business, p. 209.
evaporated (ē văp' o rāt ed), turned into steam or gas.
exceeded (ek sēd' ed), went beyond.
excel (ek sĕl'), go beyond.
excellent graces, goodness and beauty.
excessively (ek sĕs' iv li), very, extremely.
exclusive of (eks klū' siv), not counting.
execute (ĕks' e kūt), to carry out.
exempt (eg zĕmpt'), free.
exhausted (egz ôst' ed), tired out.
exhorted (eg zôrt' ed), advised, commanded.
exiles (eks' īlz), people driven from their native land.
exit (ĕks' it), departure, going away.
expectant (eks pĕkt' ănt), expecting.
expedients (eks pē' di ents), devices, contrivances.
expiration (ek spi rā' shun), the ending.
exquisite (ĕks' kwi zit), delicate, fine, perfect.
extended (eks tĕnd' ed), stretched out.
exultation (egz ul tā' shun), great joy or gladness.

fairy flax (flăks), the name of a kind of flax that grows in England.
falcons (fôk' nz), hawks trained to hunt other birds.
fallow deer (făl' ō), deer of a yellowish color, spotted with white.
fantastic (fan tas' tik), odd, strange.
fathom (făth' om), a measure of six feet.
feathered phenomenon (fĕth' ẽrd fenom' e non), a wonderful bird.
Ferdinand (fẽr' di nand).
ferocious (fẽ rō' shus), fierce, cruel, savage.
ferule (fĕr' o͝ol), a ruler or a flat stick used to punish children.
fidelity (fi dĕl' i ti), faithfulness, loyalty.
fine (fīn), payment of money for breaking the law.
flask (flăsk), bottle.
flickered (flĭk ẽrd), moved to and fro, trembled.
flinching (flĭnch' ing), shrinking, drawing back.
flotilla (flō tĭl' a), a fleet of small vessels.
foliage (fō' li āj), the leaves of a tree.
fond (fŏnd), foolish, vain; loving, affectionate.
fondling (fŏnd' ling), caresses.
Fortune (fôr' tūn), the goddess of chance or luck.
foss (fŏs), a ditch to protect a fort or city.
Frank (frăngk), Frenchman, p. 120.
fray (frā), quarrel, fight.
fray'd (frād), rubbed, worn.
Fredericksburg (frĕd' ẽr iks bûrg), a city in Virginia where a battle in the Civil War was fought.
Friends (frendz), Quakers.

fusee (fū zē′), a sort of rope used to carry fire to a powder barrel, p. 98.

gallantly (găl′ lant li), gaily, handsomely, bravely.
galleon (găl′ le un), a large Spanish ship.
gallows (găl′ lōz), a wooden frame on which criminals are hanged.
gauge (gāj), to measure how much a cask or vessel can hold.
gave nor took quarter, neither gave nor received mercy.
gazing rustics (rŭs′ tiks), staring country people, p. 17.
general court (jen′ ẽr al kōrt), the name of the legislature of Massachusetts.
generations of schoolboys (jen ẽr ā′ shunz), class after class growing up to be men. Grandparents are one generation; parents, another; children, another. p. 13.
genie (jē′ ni), an Eastern spirit that was very powerful.
gentians (jĕn′ shanz), sky-blue, bell-shaped flowers.
gesticulate (jes tĭk′ ū lāt), making movements with the hands or body to express one's feelings.
get hold of his whip-hand, get the better of him, p. 259.
Gettysburg (gĕt′ iz bûrg), a place in Pennsylvania where a battle of the Civil War was fought.
girdle (gẽr d′ l), a belt.
girths (gûrths), the straps that fasten a saddle to the horse.
Gisbert Cornellisen (gis′ bẽrt kôr nel′ li sen).
give him the bucklers (bŭk klẽrz), confess that he is victorious, p. 59.
glacier (glā′ zhẽr), a large moving field of ice and snow among high mountains.
glades (glādz), open spaces in the woods.
glared (glârd), shone fiercely.
glen (glĕn), a narrow valley.
glimmer (glĭm′ ẽr), a faint light.
goaded (gōd′ ed), drove forward, forced.
goal-keepers, football players whose duty is to keep the ball from going through the goal.
Gonzalo (gon zä′ lō).
goodlier (go͝od′ li ẽr), better looking.
good speed, good luck to you.
gorgeous (gôr′ jus), gay, showy.
gosling-green (gŏz′ ling-grēn), a yellowish green.
Gothic (gŏth′ ik), a word used for Pointed architecture; Gothic churches have pointed arches and pointed roofs.
grand vizier (vĭz′ yẽr), the chief minister of the Sultan of Turkey.
grandee (gran dē′), a Spanish noble.
grave (grāv), serious.
grenadiers (grĕn a dẽrz′), foot-soldiers, infantry.
groat (grōt), an old English coin equal to eight cents.
gross (grōs), twelve dozen.
grudge (grŭj), discontent, spite.
guilders (gĭld′ ẽrz), coins worth about forty-five cents.
gushing (gŭsh′ ing), rushing out swiftly.

habitation (hab i tā′ shun), house, dwelling.
habits (hăb′ its), clothes.
haggard (hăg′ ărd), thin and tired-looking.
Hague (Hāg), a city in Holland, now its capital.
half-articulate (ăr tik′ ū lāt), only half distinct.
half-crown (kroun), an English coin worth about $.66.
Hamelin (hăm′ e lin), a town in Prussia.
hampered (hăm′ pẽrd), hindered, burdened.
hap (hăp), happen.
hardy (här′ di), strong.
harpy (här′ pi), a greedy monster with wings and sharp claws.
haunts (hänts), places that are visited often.
headquarters (hĕd′ kwôr terz), the place where a general lives in time of war.
heart-burning, unhappiness.
heaved (hēvd), rose.

heightening (hīt′ en ing), increasing.
helm (hĕlm), the instrument by which a ship is steered.
hempen (hĕmp′ 'n), made of hemp, a plant full of coarse threads.
Hengst (hĕngst), the name of a tower in Leyden.
Hera (hē′ rä), Juno, the queen of Jupiter.
heralds (hĕr′ aldz), messengers.
Hercules (hĕr′ kū lēz).
heresy (hĕr′ e si), wrong ideas, false beliefs.
Hesperus (hĕs′ pĕr us), the Latin word for the evening star.
higgles (hĭg′ 'lz), bargains, is particular about the price.
hips and haws (hĭps, hôz), the red berries of the wild rose and the hawthorn.
hitherto (hĭth′ ẽr to͞o), up to this time.
hoary (hōr′ i), gray or white.
hob (hŏb), a shelf in a fireplace.
hobbles (hŏb′ 'lz), limps, walks unevenly.
hoist (hoist), raise.
hold (hōld), the inside of a ship where the freight or cargo is stored.
holster (hōl′ stẽr), a saddle pocket for a pistol.
holy water, water blessed by the priest.
hose (hōz), garments for men reaching from the toes to the waist.
hostelry (hŏs′ tel ri), an inn.
hourly (our′ li), often, p. 120.
hovering (hŭv′ ẽr ing), wandering here and there; used of an army not formed in a phalanx, p. 103.
Hun (hŭn), Austrian, p. 103.

ignited (ig nīt′ ed), set on fire.
imbibed (im bībd′), drunk in.
immortal (im môr′ tal), undying.
imparted (im pärt′ ed), gave, taught.
impenetrable (im pĕn′ e tra b'l), that cannot be pierced.
impertinent (im pẽr′ ti nent), impudent, saucy.
impetuous (im pĕt′ ū us), fiery, with force.
imploringly (im plōr′ ing li), longingly.
impostor (im pŏs′ tẽr), one who pretends to be what he is not.
impregnable (im prĕg′ na b'l), that cannot be conquered, unconquerable.
imprudent (im pro͞o′ dent), unwise.
incantation (in kan tā′ shun), a song of enchantment or magic.
incense (in′ sens), spices and gums that burn fragrantly.
incisions (in sĭzh′ unz), cuttings.
incrusted (in krŭst′ ed), covered.
indifferent (in dĭf′ ẽr ent), poor, not good.
indomitable (in dŏm′ i ta b'l), not to be tamed or conquered.
indraught (in′ draft), a flowing inward, towards the shore.
industrious (in dus′ tri us), hardworking.
inevitable eye (in ĕv′ i ta b'l), a sure eye, p. 189.
inexhaustible (in eg zôs′ ti b'l), that cannot be used up.
inexorable (in ĕks′ o ra b'l), unchangeable, unyielding.
infancy (in′ fan si), when one is a baby or a young child.
inhabitants (in hăb′ i tants), the people who live in the place.
injunction (in jŭŋk′ shun), command, order.
instance (in′ stans), example.
instantaneous (in stan tā′ nē us), at once, all in an instant.
instantaneousness, great swiftness.
instinctively (in stĭŋk′ tiv li), without thinking.
insuperable (in sū′ pẽr a b'l), that cannot be overcome or conquered.
intensity (in tĕn′ si ti), earnestness, force.
intercommunications (in tẽr com mū ni kā′ shunz), talking to one another, understanding the language of one another.
intolerable (in tŏl′ ẽr a b'l), unendurable, too hard to bear.
intrusively (in trū′ siv li), without being invited, forcing a way in.

invariably (in vā' ri a b'li), always.
involuntarily (in vŏl' un tā ri li), without intending to.
irrepressible (ir e prĕs i b'l), that cannot be kept down or resisted.
Iser (ē zĕr), a river in Germany.
issue (ĭsh' ū), to come out.

jack-boots (jăck), heavy boots.
jargon (jär' gŏn), talk that cannot be understood.
Jason (jā' son).
jerkin (jĕr' kin), a sort of jacket.
jets (jĕts), spray or water shooting up.
Job's war horse (jōb), a wonderful horse described in *Job*, xxxix, 19–25, p. 36.
judgment-seat (jŭj' ment), the seat where the judge sits.
jutted (jŭt' ed), stuck out, projected.

King Midas (mī' das), a king of long ago who for a time turned everything he touched into gold.
kith and kin (kĭth, kĭn), one's own people and relations.
knell (nĕl), the tolling of bells when some one dies.
knelling (nĕl' ing), blowing, ringing.
knotty (nŏt' i), difficult.
Koppelberg (Kŏp''el berg).

laborious (lā bō' ri us), heavy.
lamenting (la mĕnt' ing), mourning.
Lammen (läm' en).
lapstone (lăp' stōn), a stone used by a shoemaker to beat leather on.
lattices (lăt' is ez), framework of crossed bars covering a whole or a part of a window.
lavish (lăv' ish), unbounded, great.
lay (lā), song.
lea (lē), meadow or pasture land.
league (lēg), about three miles.
learned professions (lŭr' ned pro fĕsh'unz), the business of being a doctor, a lawyer, a clergyman, or a college professor, p. 13.
Lĕnt (lĕnt), the forty days before Easter Sunday.
Leyden (lī' den), a city in Holland.
Linden (lĭn' den), Hohenlinden.
lining (līn' ing), directing a boat from the shore by means of a line or rope, p. 179.
list (lĭst), pleasure, will.
literally (lit' ĕr al i), exactly.
livery (lĭv' ĕr i), the special dress worn by a man's followers.
livid (lĭv' id), dark-colored from fear.
Lorraine (lo rān'), a part of France taken from her by the Germans.
lot is cast, the question is settled.
lower (lou' ĕr), to be dark or gloomy.
luxuries (lŭk' shu riz), delicacies, delicious food.
luxurious (lŭks ū' ri us), delicious, full of pleasure.

maelstrom (māl' strom), whirlpool.
magic (măj' ik), the art of calling up spirits and performing other wonders.
magician (ma jĭsh' an), a man who knows how to use magic.
magistrate (măj' is trāt), a member of the Massachusetts legislature, p. 71; justice of the peace, who acts as judge, p. 328.
magnified (măg' ni fīd), enlarged.
majestic (mā jĕs' tik), grand, magnificent.
Majesty's Council (măj' es tiz koun' sil), the Council of the King of England. He ruled America at the time of the "Old-Fashioned School," p. 13.
malefactors (mal e făk' torz), evil-doers.
malicious (ma lĭsh' us), mischievous, spiteful.
managerial, (măn a jē' ri al), like a manager.
Manassas (ma năs' as), a place in Virginia where two battles of the Civil War were fought.
manuscript (măn' ū skript), writings that are not printed.
mariners (măr' i nĕrz), sailors.
massacre (măs' a kĕr), slaughter, killing many people.

massive (măs′ iv), heavy.
Medea (mē dē′ ä).
melancholy posture (měl′ ən kol i pŏs′-tūr), a position that shows sadness, p. 356.
menaces (měn′ a sez), threats.
menacing (měn′ ās ing), threatening.
methought (mē thôt′), it seemed to me.
mettle (mĕt′ ′l), courage, spirit.
Milan (mil än′ or mil′ än), a large city in Italy.
minstrel raptures (mĭn′ strel răp′ tūrz), songs about heroic deeds composed by a musician called a minstrel, who sings his songs to the accompaniment of a harp, p. 198.
minute (mī nūt′), very small.
Miranda (mi ran′ dä).
mire (mīr), deep mud.
mischance (mis chăns′), accident.
missives (mis′ ivz), letters, messages.
mobility (mō bil′ i ti), flexibility, easy movement.
monotony (mo nŏt′ o ni), sameness.
monsieur (mŏ syē′), the French word for Mr. and for "the gentleman."
moored (mo͝ord), fastened by chains or anchors.
morass (mō ras′), swamp, marsh.
morning face (môrn′ ing), the face as it looks in the morning, p. 17.
mortal (môr′ tal), a human being.
mortification (môr ti fi kā′ shun), vexation, humiliation.
mould (mōld), dust, earth.
moulder (mōl′ dēr), to waste or crumble away.
mount (mount), the part of Rab's back that could carry a rider or a load, p. 188.
mountaineer (moun′ tin ēr′), one who lives among the mountains or is accustomed to climbing them.
muffled (mŭf′ f′ld), deadened by wrapping the noisy parts with cloths.
multitudinous (mul ti tū′ di nus), very numerous.
Munich (mū′ nik), a German city.
murrain (mûr′ in), plague.
Mustapha (mo͝os′ tä fä).
muster (mŭs′ tēr), the gathering together.
mutiny (mū′ ti ni), rebellion of soldiers or sailors against their officers.
mutual recognition (mū′ tū al rek ognĭsh′ un), recognizing one another, p. 21.
myriads (mĭr′ i adz), thousands, too many to be counted.
mystery (mis′ tēr i), something unknown or secret.

Naples (nā pl′z), a large city in Italy.
navigation (nav i gā′ shun), sailing, getting a vessel to move.
newt (nūt), a small water lizard.
niche (nĭch), a hollow or recess in a wall, made for a statue.
Nizam (ni zam′), the title of an Asiatic ruler.
noble (nō′ b′l), an old gold coin worth about $1.70.
noddy (nŏd′ i), a fool, a stupid person.
North Aa (ä), a river in Holland.
nuncheon (nŭn′ chun), a meal at noon.
nuptials (nŭp shalz), marriage.
nymphs (nĭmfs), goddesses of water or forests, in Greek fairy tales.

obscure (ob skūr′), unknown, hidden.
occasioned (ok kā′ zhund), caused.
officious (of fĭsh′ us), kind, busy.
old in story, that stories have been told about for ages, p. 285.
old moustache (mo͝os tash′), an old soldier, p. 213.
oly-koek (ō′ li-ko͝ok), a rich cake.
onerous (on′ ēr us), heavy, hard to bear.
ope (ōp), open.
oppressive (op prĕs′ iv), heavy, discouraged.
Orleans (ôr′ lēnz; *Fr.* ôr lā än′), a city in France.
Orpheus (ôr′ fūs).
over, to change goals, p. 35.

pacify (păs′ i fī), to quiet, to soothe.
padlocks (păd′ loks), locks that can be easily removed.
pæan (pē′ an), a song of triumph.
palmer (päm′ ẽr), a man who visits holy places and lives on charity.
paltry (pâl′ tri), mean, worthless.
panic (păn′ ic), sudden; sudden fear.
parched (pärcht), dried with heat.
parish (pâr ish), the part of a town under the care of one clergyman.
passionately (păsh′ un ăt li) angrily, with strong feeling.
pate (pāt), the head.
pathetic (pa thĕt′ ik), causing one to feel pity or sorrow.
pay the penalty (pĕn′ al ti), pay the price, suffer for doing wrong.
pelf (pĕlf), riches, wealth.
pelting (pĕlt′ ing), coming down hard.
penalty (pĕn′ al ti), the punishment, the price.
pence (pĕns), English money, each penny equaling two cents.
penetrated (pen′ e trāt ed), filled.
penitence (pen′ i tens), grief for wrong-doing.
perceived (pẽr sēvd′), saw.
peremptory (pĕr′ emp tō ri), positive, powerful.
periwig (pĕr′ i wig), a wig, false hair worn by men.
personable (pûr′ sun a b'l), good-looking, handsome.
perspicacity (pẽr spi kas′ i ti), sharp-sightedness.
pertaining (pẽr tān′ ing), belonging.
pervaded (pẽr vād′ ed), filled.
phalanx (fā′ laŋks), soldiers arranged in the form of a square and very close to one another.
phantom (făn′ tum), ghostly.
philosophical class (fil o sof′ i kal), a class study in plants, animals, and so on, p. 19.
philosophy (fi los′ ō fi), a word used by Squeers to mean the study of plants, animals, and so on, p. 19.
Phrixus (frĭks′ us).
piebald (pī bôld), of several different colors.
Pied (pīd), of different colors.
pinnace (pĭn′ nas), a small vessel belonging to a large ship.
pinnacles (pĭn′ na k' lz), slender towers or mountain peaks.
pique (pēk), peak or projecting part of the saddle, not often used.
players-up, football players in the front line.
plowshare (plou′ shâr′), the iron blade of a plow.
poised (poisd), balanced.
poke (pōk), bag.
ponderous (pŏn′ dẽr us), heavy, weighty.
populace (pop′ ū las), the common people.
porringer (pŏr′ rin jẽr), a small dish for a child's food.
portal (pōr′ tal), gate.
portico (pōr′ ti kō), a porch or piazza with pillars.
portion (pōr′ shun), a wedding present of money or property given to the bride by her father, p. 74.
portly (pōrt′ li), stout, bulky.
postern (pōs′ tẽrn), a small gate or door, usually at the back or side.
potions (pō′ shunz), medicines to be drunk.
pounds (poundz), English money, each pound equaling twenty English shillings or about $4.86.
practical person (prăk′ ti kal), a person who cares more about doing things than about sympathizing with people, p. 258.
præpositor (prē pŏz′ i tôr), a boy of the sixth form, or class, who looks after other students.
precaution (pre kô′ shun), caution or care beforehand.
precepts (prē′ septs), commands, orders.
precipice (prĕs′ i pis), very steep places, usually rocky.
precipitately (pre sĭp′ i tāt li), very fast, headlong.
prematurely (prē ma tūr′ li), before the right time, too soon.

pretense (pre tĕns′), excuse, a made-up reason.
prevailed (prē vāld′), got the victory.
prismatic colors (priz măt′ ik), violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red.
proclamation (prok′ la mā′ shun), a public notice.
prodigal (prŏd′ i gal), lavish, free.
prodigalities (prod i găl′ i tiz), foolish extravagance, waste.
professed to love her (prō fĕst′), declared that he loved her, p. 360.
proffered (prŏf′ ẽrd), offered.
prolonged (prō longd′), lasting a long time.
proof against (prōōf), able to resist.
Prospero (prŏs′ pe rō).
prostrate (prŏs′ trāte), lying flat.
provender (prov′ en dẽr), food for horses or other animals.
Providence (prŏv′ i dens), God.
provost (prŏv′ ust), the superintendent of the sports of the yeomen, p. 54.
prowling (proul′ ing), wandering around in a sly way.
Prussians (prŭsh′ anz), soldiers from Prussia, p. 26.
prythee (prĭth ē), I pray thee, I beg thee.
psaltery (sôl′ tri), a kind of harp used in old times.
puncheon (pŭn′ chun), a cask.

quaint (kwānt), odd, unusual.
quarter (kwôr′ tẽr), the rear or hinder part of a ship.
quarters (kwôr′ tẽrz), football players stationed a quarter of the way between the front line and the goal, p. 32.
quartern (kwôr′ tẽrn), one fourth of a pint.
quest (kwĕst), search.
quintal (kwin′ tal), one hundred pounds.

raid (rād), an expedition to rob people or make prisoners of them.
rallied (răl′ id), made fun of in a kindly way, p. 271.
rampant (răm′ pant), in good spirits, p. 271.
rampart (răm′ pärt), a wall of earth or stone with guns on it, to keep off the enemy.
ranged (rānjd), gathered, wandered.
ranged around, gathered around, p. 17.
Rappahannock (rap a hăn′ ok), a river of Virginia that was important in the Civil War.
rational (răsh′ un al), reasonable.
rational enjoyments, reasonable pleasures, p. 142.
ravage (răv′ āj), to destroy, to lay waste.
receptacle (rē sĕp′ tā k′l), a chest, box, or dish.
recollect (rek ŏ lĕkt′), remember.
reconnoitering (rek o noi′ tring), examining, looking at carefully.
recruited (rē kroot′ ed), rested, strengthened.
redoubts (rē douts′), small forts.
reedy (rēd′ i), with reeds alongside.
reef (rēf), a chain of rocks almost even with the surface of the water.
refer to (rē fẽr′), to mean.
reflux (rē′ fluks), flowing back.
Re Giovanni (rā jō vän′ ni), the Italian for King John.
Reims (rēmz; *Fr.* răns), a city in France that once had a beautiful Gothic cathedral where the kings of France were crowned.
reiterating (rē it′ ẽr āt ing), repeating, saying over and over.
relaxed (rē lakst′), loosened.
reluctance (re lŭk′ tans), unwillingness.
reluctantly re lŭk′ tant li), unwillingly.
remorse (rē môrs′), sorrow for doing wrong.
repair (rē pâr′), go, return.
repast (rē păst′), a meal or lunch.
repented (rē pĕnt′ ed), were sorry for.
reprieve (rē prēv′), put off.
repute (rē pūt′), reputation, fame.
requisition (rek wi zĭsh′ un), demand.
resumed (re zūmd′), went on.
resumes′ (re zūmz′), takes again, goes on again.

retinue (rĕt′ i nū), the people who serve a person of high rank.
retire (rē tīr′), step back.
retirement (re tīr′ ment), a quiet life.
retrieving (re trēv′ ing), regaining.
revelry (rĕv′ el ri), noisy pleasure.
reverts (re vûrts′), goes back, returns.
ribald (rĭb′ ald), a worthless fellow, p. 229.
round-tower (round′ tou′ ẽr), a tall slender tower used as a kind of fort.
rugged (rŭg′ ged), rough.
rumination (roo mi nā′ shun), deep thought, meditation.
runagate (rŭn′ a gāt), a deserter or runaway.

sabring (sā′ bring), cutting down with the broad heavy swords called sabers.
sacramental (sak ra mĕnt′ al), for use at the Lord's Supper, p. 84.
sagacity (sa găs′ i ti), intelligence, quickness to understand.
St. Pancras (păn′ kras), a Roman boy who was put to death for being a Christian.
Samson (sâm′ son), a Bible character, who was very strong.
sanded, strewn with sand.
Santee (san tē′), a river in South Carolina.
Sardis (sär′ dis), a city in Asia Minor.
sauntered (sôn′ tẽrd), walked slowly along.
sauntering, walking slowing along.
scaled (skāld), climbed.
scar (skär), a bare rocky hillside.
scenery (sēn′ ẽr i), painted landscape or other scenes for use in a theater, p. 208.
sceptre (sĕp′ tẽr), a king's staff.
scrummage (skrŭm′ aj), scrimmage.
seasonable (sē′ z'n a b'l), that suits the season.
second childhood, the state of old persons whose minds have become like those of children, pp. 12–13.
senses (sĕns′ ez), seeing, hearing, smelling, taste, and touch.
serried (sĕr′ rid), pressed close together, crowded.
shagreen (sha grēn′), a kind of leather.
shambles (shăm′ b'lz), the places where cattle are killed.
sharper (shär′ pẽr), a man who gets money by cheating.
shifting (shĭft′ ing), moving.
shillings (shĭl′ lingz), English money, each shilling being worth about twenty-five cents.
shoals (shōlz), sandbanks.
shrine (shrīn), a sacred place, like an altar or a small chapel.
shrouds (shroudz), the rope-ladders and the sail-ropes of a ship.
silly (sĭl′ i), an old word for ignorant.
similar (sim′ i lar), very much the same.
sith (sĭth), an old-time word for since.
sixpence (siks′ pens), an English coin worth about twelve cents.
skipper (skĭp pẽr), master, captain.
skullcap (skŭl′ kap), a close-fitting cap worn indoors.
slack (slăk), loosening.
slack (slăk), an old word meaning hillside.
slashed doublet (slăsht dŭb′ let), a jacket with long narrow openings to show the bright-colored cloth beneath.
small-clothes (smôl klōthz), knickerbockers, breeches.
snubbing (snŭb′ bing), keeping a boat from going too fast by means of a rope, one end of which is attached to the boat while the other is wound about a tree.
solicit (so lĭs′ it), ask, request.
Solon (sō′ lon).
somber (sŏm′ bẽr), dark, dusky.
sovereigns (suv′ ẽr inz), English gold coins worth about $4.86.
Spanish Main (spăn′ ish mān), the sea along the north coast of South America.
spar (spär), a mast or any other long round piece of timber used on a vessel.

specie (spē′ shi), coin, usually made of gold or silver.
spectral (spĕk′ tral), like a specter or ghost.
spires (spīrz), steeples.
spiry (spī′ ri), twisting like a corkscrew.
sprats (sprăts), small fish something like herring.
sprite (sprīt), a spirit.
spume (spûm), foam, froth.
spurn (spûrn), to reject with scorn.
square (skwâr), a carpenter's tool used for making right angles.
staff (stăff), a number of officers who help a higher officer.
stanch (stänch), steady, strong.
state affairs (stāt af fârz′), the business of ruling a place, p. 353.
stature (stăt′ ûr), height, size.
staved (stāvd), burst open.
stiff and stark (stĭf, stärk), stiff in death.
stock (stŏk), a stump or block of wood.
strand (strănd), shore.
Strasbourg (străs′ bûrg; *Fr.* träs bo͝or′), a city in Alsace.
strode (strōd), took a long step.
stubble (stŭb′ b'l), the short stumps of grass or grain left after cutting.
studded (stŭd′ ed), ornamented.
stupefied (stū′ pē fīd), made stupid or dull.
subduer (sub dū′ ẽr), anything that subdues or conquers.
subjected (sub jĕkt′ ed), exposed.
subsiding (sub sīd′ ing), going down.
subterraneous (sub tẽr rā′ nē us), underground.
suburban (sub ûrb′ an), on the outskirts or edges of a town.
succor (sŭk′ ẽr), aid, help.
sullenly (sŭl′ len li), crossly, gloomily.
sultry (sŭl′ tri), hot and close.
superiority (su pē ri ŏr′ i ti), excellence, greatness.
supported by subscription (sup-pōrt′ ed sub skrĭp′ shun), supported by money given by the parents instead of by taxes, p. 140.
surcoat (sûr′ kōt), a long loose robe worn over doublet and hose.
surety (sho͝or′ ti), hostage, security. "I will be his surety" means, "I will answer for him."
surmounting (sûr mount′ ing), climbing over.
swarthy (swôrth′ i), dark.
swooned (swo͞ond), fainted.
Sycorax (sĭk′ ō raks).
Syndic (sĭn′ dic), a kind of magistrate or judge.

tabor (tā bẽr), a small drum.
tackle (tăk′ k'l), fishing rod, line, and hook.
Tartary (tär′ ta ri), an old name for central Asia.
temporarily (tem po rā′ ri li), just for a short time.
temporary (tĕm′ po rā ri), for a little while only.
tench (tĕnch), a kind of fish.
tender fibers (fī′ bẽrz), loving feelings.
tenderfoot (tĕn′ dẽr fo͝ot), a newcomer on the plains of the West.
tendrils (tĕn′ drĭlz), the parts of a vine that climb and twine.
terms and tides presage (prē sāj′), tell what the seasons and the tides were going to be, p. 17.
terrace (tĕr′ ras), a level bank or shelf made of earth or masonry.
threadbare (thrĕd′ bâr), so worn that the threads show.
thrice (thrīs), three times.
thwarted (thwôrt′ ed), hindered, opposed.
tissue (tĭsh′ ū), cloth.
toffee (tŏf′ i), the word used by the English for taffy, a kind of candy.
tolerably (tŏl′ ẽr a bli), fairly.
torrent (tŏr′ rent), a rushing stream.
Tours (to͝or), a city in France.
trace (trās), see, guess at.
tranquil (trăŋ′ kwil), peaceful, quiet.
transport (trans pōrt′), to carry away.
Transylvania (tran sil vā′ ni ä), a part of Austria.

traverse (trăv′ ẽrs), to go or travel across.
trebled (trĕb′ 'ld), made three times as great.
trepanned (trẽ pănd′), ensnared, p. 234.
trifled with (trī′ f'ld), treated rudely or carelessly.
truffles (trŭf′ 'lz), a kind of mushroom used for food.
trump of Fame (trŭmp, fām), the trumpet of the goddess Fame, through which she shouts the names of those who deserve to become famous, p. 105.
trumpery (trum′ pẽr i), worthless things.
try conclusions (kon klo͞o′ zhunz), to compete, p. 54.
tuft (tŭft), whiskers, p. 224.
tufted (tŭft′ ed), having little clusters or bunches.
turret (tŭr′ et), a small tower.
typhus fever (tī′ fus), a fever that one person can catch from another.

ubiquitous (ū bĭk′ wi tus), everywhere at the same time.
uncouth (un ko͞oth′), awkward, clumsy.
unerring (un ẽr′ ing), sure, certain.
universal (ū ni vẽr′ sal), general, followed by everybody.
Ursula (ûr′ su lä).
usher (ŭsh′ er), assistant teacher; in this sense used only in England.

vagabond (văg′ a bond), an idle person without a home.
Valdez (văl′ dez).
vampire (văm′ pīr), a creature supposed to suck the blood of living persons.
vats (văts), large easks.
veered (vērd), changed direction.
veering flaw (vẽr′ ing flô), a gust of wind constantly changing its direction, p. 65.
venerable (vĕn′ ẽr a b'l), old and worthy of respect.
vermin (ver′ min), small animals that are disgusting or do harm.
vespers (vĕs′ pẽrz), an evening service at the church.
vesture (vĕs′ tūr), clothing.
vicar (vĭc′ ăr), clergyman.
vindicated (vĭn′ di kāt ed), justified.
volley'd (vŏl′ lid), the discharging of many cannon at the same time.
votive (vō′ tiv), given to carry out a vow or promise.

waif (wāf), a person without a home.
waistcoat (wĕs′ kut), a kind of vest.
warily (wâr′ i li), cautiously.
warn't (wärnt), bad English for "wasn't."
wary (wâr′ i), watchful, cautious.
wayfaring (wā′ fâr ing), wandering, on a journey.
weather the roughest gale, endure the roughest storm, p. 65.
weird (wērd), unearthly, **strange**.
wench (wĕnch), a girl.
went by the board, went overboard.
Weser (wē′ zẽr; *Ger.* vā′ zẽr), a river in Germany.
whittle (hwĭt′ 'l), a knife.
wildwood (wīld′ wo͝od), forests.
Wilhelmine (wil hel mēn′).
winding sheet (wīnd′ ing shēt), a sheet or cloth to wrap a dead body in.
worldly ends, all the troubles and pleasures of ruling, p. 353.
worshipful (wûr′ ship ful), worthy of respect.
worsted (wûrst′ ed), defeated.
wrangle at the bar (ran′ g'l), dispute at law.

yawned (yônd), gaped, opened wide.
yearling (yẽr′ ling), a year old.
yeoman (yō′ man), a man of lower rank than a gentleman.

Zealanders (zā′ länd erz), the people from Zealand, a part of Holland.
zenith (zē′ nith), the middle of the sky, the part just over one's head.
Zoeterwoude (zo͞o′ ter wo͞o de), a village in Holland.
Zwieten (zvē′ tĕn), a place in Holland.

Printed in the United States of America.